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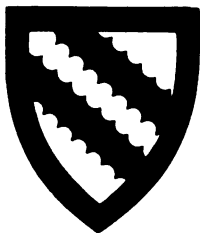
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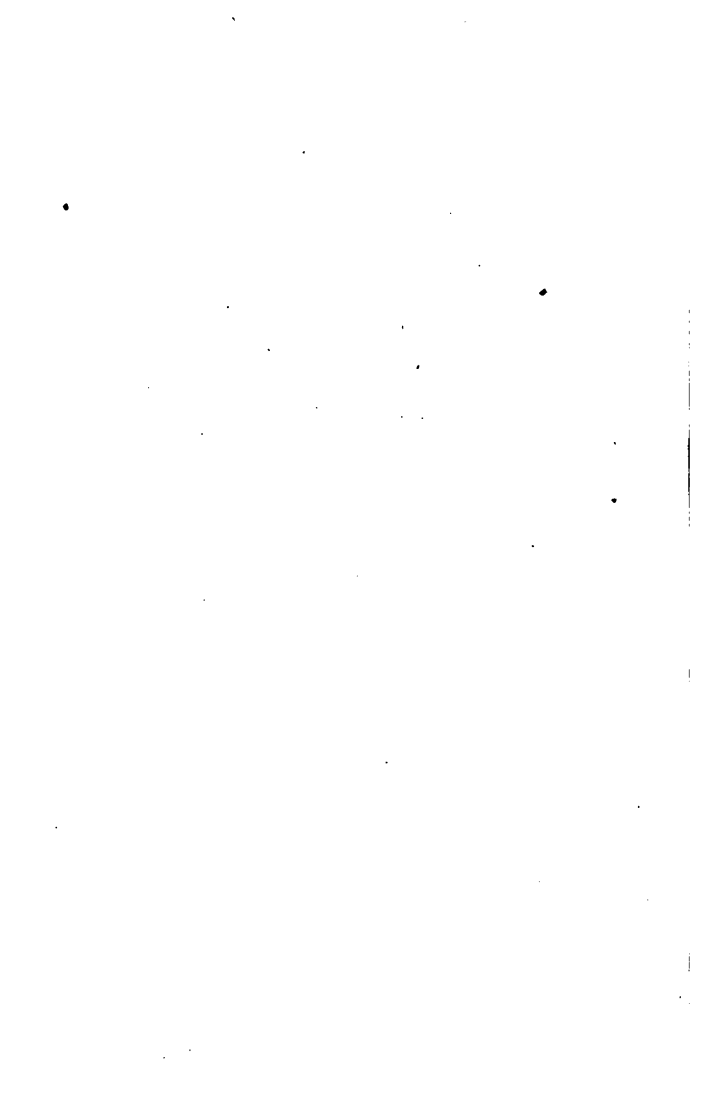
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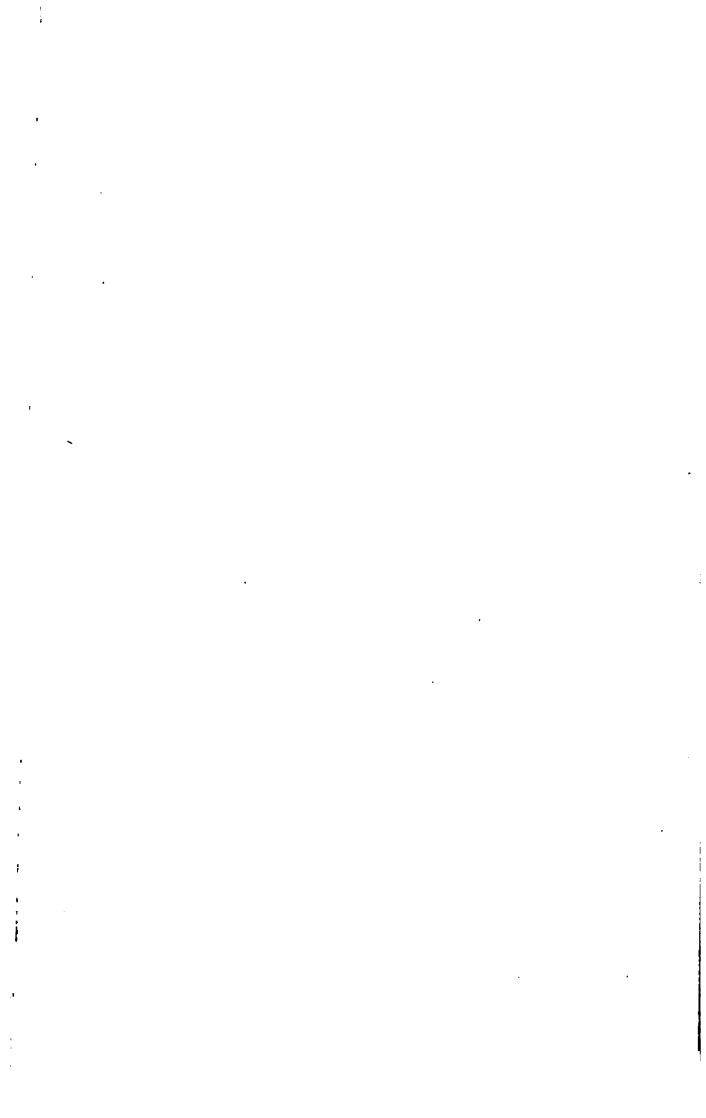
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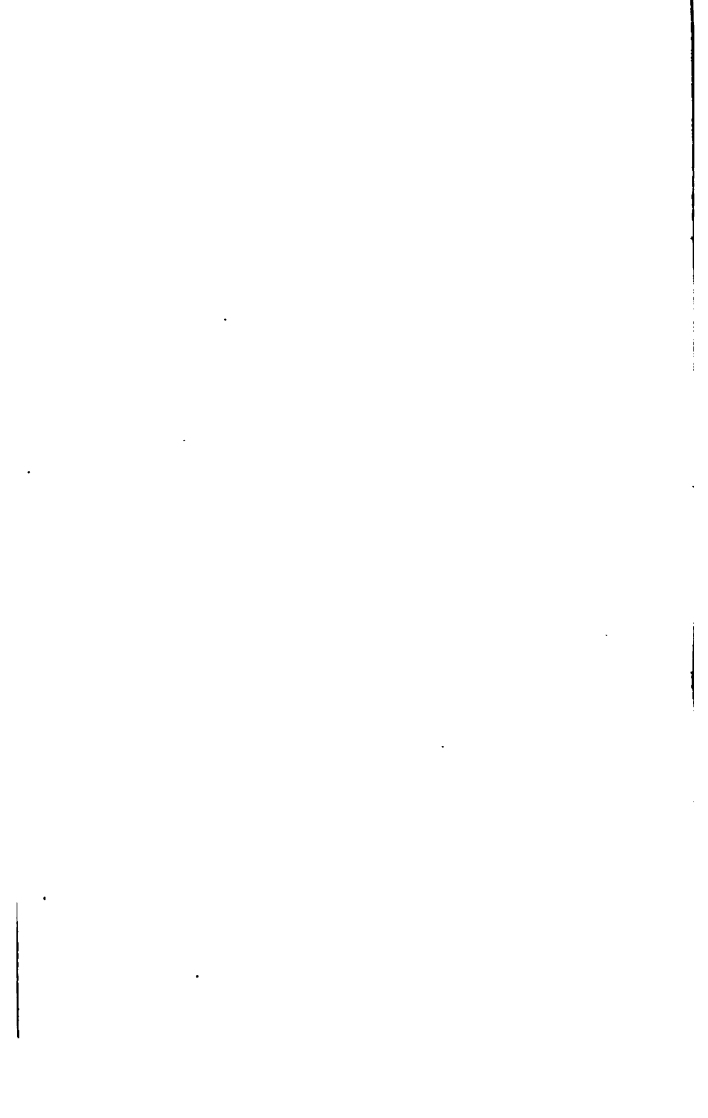


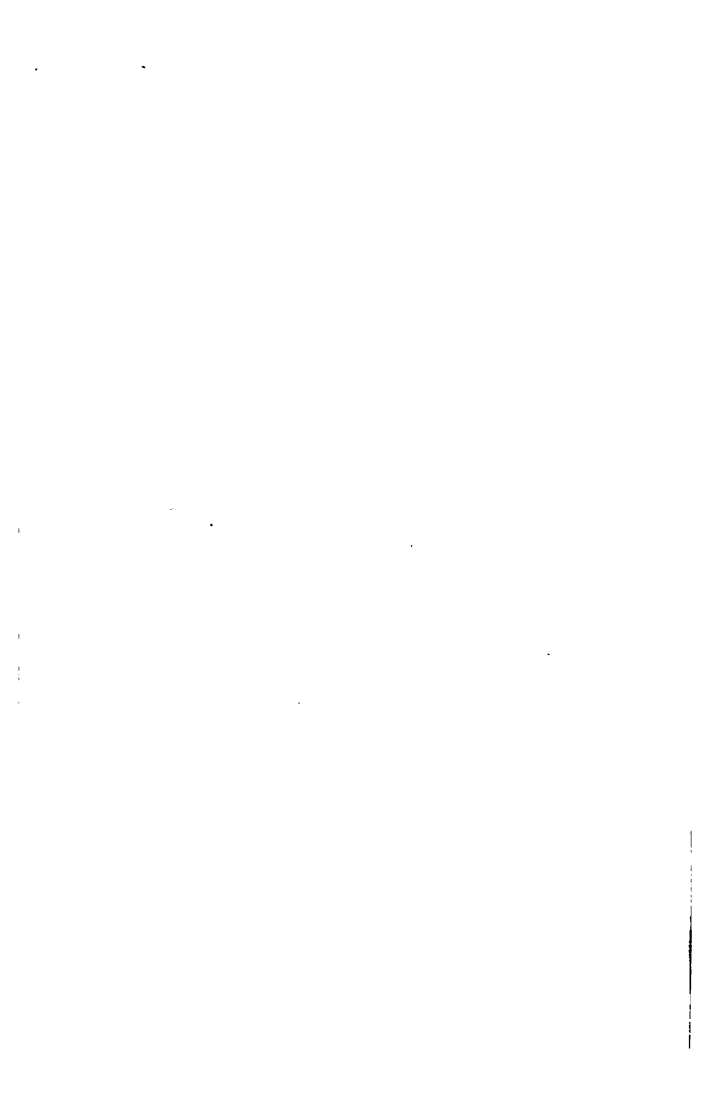
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The Seaside.



BEGINNING THE JOURNAL. P. 84

# MARY GAY; OR, WORK FOR GIRLS.

By JACOB ABBOTT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. W. HERRICK

WORK FOR AUTUMN.



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1865.

# THE MARY GAY SERIES.

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  - II. WORK FOR SPRING.
  - III. WORK FOR SUMMER.
  - IV. WORK FOR AUTUMN.
- 

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# MARY GAY'S WORK IN AUTUMN.



## CHAPTER I.

### SYSTEM.

**BEECHNUTS** are very good nuts. They have a rich flavor, very similar to that of the walnut, but the gathering and eating of them are attended with certain great disadvantages, which detract very much from the value of them.

One of the principal of these disadvantages is the cold fingers you must get in gathering them. Beechnuts are never ripe until late in the fall, and the burrs that they grow in do not usually crack open and let the nuts fall to the ground, where you can get them, until the frost comes.

The boys say that it is the frost which cracks the burrs open and lets the nuts fall out. Whether it is really the frost that does this, or whether it is some change in

the internal condition of the burr, produced by the advancing ripeness at about the same time that the frost comes, which makes the boys think that the frost is the cause of the opening when it is in fact only the accompaniment of it, I cannot say.

Accompaniments are very often mistaken for causes by people that do not observe carefully.

However this may be, the boys all think that it is the frost that opens the burrs, and that accordingly a frosty morning is a good time to go a-beechnutting. In fact, at the time of the year when the beechnuts are ripe, almost all the clear and pleasant mornings are frosty, so that generally when boys go to gather beechnuts the ground is either covered with frost, or else it is at least very cold, and this makes it extremely cold work to gather them. For every individual nut must be picked up from among the grass and moss and wild herbage that grows under the trees, and you cannot have any protection for your fingers, for it is impossible to pick up such little things with gloves or mittens on.

Still children like beechnuts so much



that they are always very ready to go into the woods to gather them, even though it is such cold work.

One Saturday morning in October John and his little brother Benny came to his cousin Mary Gay's, to invite her and her sister Luly to go a-beechnutting with them.

Of course they were very ready to go. So taking some small tin pails with them, to bring the beechnuts home in, they all set off together.

They were going to a grove of beech-trees which grew on high and dry ground near Mrs. Gay's wood lot. The way to this piece of ground was either by a lane which led along outside the garden fence, or through the garden. The children went through the garden, in order that Mary and Luly might show John how fast the seeds of their flowers were ripening.

"We are going to begin to gather our seeds pretty soon," said Luly. "I mean to gather some now."

So saying, Luly broke off the head of a poppy which looked as if it might be ripe, and poured the seeds out into her hand.

"I am going to keep these seeds till next summer," said Luly, "and then plant them in my garden, and so I shall get some more beautiful poppies."

"Yes," said John, "it is an excellent plan to save your flower-seeds for next summer. But now we must go on and gather our beechnuts, or else the squirrels will get them all before we come."

"And eat them all up?" said Luly.

"No," said John; "put them away in their holes. They always lay up a store of beechnuts, and hazel-nuts, and acorns, and corn, in their nests and holes, for them to eat in the winter, when the ground is all covered with snow, so that they cannot find anything to eat in the woods."

Talking in this way the children walked along together through the garden, and then out by a gate into the lane, — Luly keeping her poppy-seeds in her hand all the way, because she had no paper to put them in. At length she began to be tired of carrying them, and she asked Mary what she should do with them.

"I think you had better throw them away," said Mary.

"No," replied Luly; "I am going to keep them to plant in my garden next summer. I mean to put them in my pocket."

"Well," said Mary, "I will hold it open for you."

So Mary held the pocket open, and Luly tried to pour the seeds in. Some of them did actually go in, though I should think that considerably more than half of them slipped through her fingers and fell to the ground.

How much probability there was that those that were saved would ever find their way out of the depths of the pocket again, and be kept until the next spring, and so planted and produce more poppies, the reader can judge.

"Don't you think it is a good plan, John, for us to save our flower-seeds," asked Luly, "to plant next year?"

"Yes," said John, "if you do it systematically; but if you do it unsystematically, it is all time and labor thrown away."

"I don't know what you mean, John," rejoined Luly, "when you talk such hard words."

"Then I will explain it," said John.

"First I will tell you how to do it unsystematically. Once there was a girl who had a flower-garden, and she thought she would save the seeds. So one day when she was in her garden, she saw that the seeds of one of her flowers were ripe, and she rubbed them out into her hand. Then she did not know what to do with them. Finally she laid them down upon a bench, while she went into the house to get a piece of paper to wrap them up in.

"She tore a piece off from the corner of a newspaper which she found in the house, and then came out to the bench. She found that half of the seeds had been blown away by the wind. She put the rest in the paper, and put the paper in her pocket. A few days after this, when she was clearing out her pocket, she came to this paper. She forgot that there were seeds in it, but supposed that it was only some old scrap that had somehow or other found its way into her pocket, and so she threw it away."

"Oh, what a silly girl!" said Luly.

"A day or two after this she remembered that there were seeds in that paper,

and that she had thrown them away. 'Dear me!' says she, 'I have thrown away all my garden-seeds!'

"So she determined to gather some more seeds, and take better care of them. She went into the house, to get some pieces of paper, and then went into the garden. She rubbed out the seeds that she found were ripe, and put them in the papers—each kind in a separate paper. She folded them up and carried them into the house, and put them on a shelf in the china-closet. They lay there some time, and then her mother put them in a drawer where various things were kept, and there they remained all winter. Caroline had forgotten all about them."

"Was her name Caroline?" asked Luly.

"Yes," replied John. "Did not I tell you that before?"

"No," replied Luly.

"When the next spring came her mother told her that there were some flower-seeds of hers in a drawer in the china-closet, and asked her if she wanted them. So Caroline went to get them, but she found that half

of them had been spilled out of the papers ; and as for those that remained she did not know what kinds they were, for she had not marked the papers ; and so she threw them all away."

Mary and Luly laughed.

" And now," said Luly, " tell us how to do it systematically."

" The first thing is," said John, " to go into the garden and see how many different kinds of seeds you are going to have, and make a list of them. Then go to work regularly, and make a number of little paper bags to hold the seeds. The bags ought to be made of some light-colored wrapping-paper, that you can write upon."

" How do we make the bags ?" asked Mary.

" They are made a good deal like envelopes for letters," said John. " You take a long strip of paper, as wide as you are going to have your bags, and about twice as long. You then lay the strip down upon the table before you, and fold it double, so as to make a kind of square with two leaves. Then you cut away with the scissors about a half an inch from the edge

of one of the leaves all around, except at the place where it is folded. In this way the edges of the leaf which is not cut can be folded down over the other, and gummed down. You fold over the two *side* edges when you make the bags, but you leave the top as a sort of flap, to be folded down and gummed after the seeds are put in."

"I don't understand it very well," said Luly.

"When we get home," said John, "I will make you a pattern out of pasteboard, and then you can cut them out very easily."

"I wish you would," said Mary.

"After the set of bags are made," said John, "and the side edges where they are gummed over are dry, then you turn them over and write upon the back of each one the name of the kind of flower-seed that you are going to put in it. You must have as many bags, of course, as there are names upon your list, and write one name on each bag."

"What, before we put the seeds in?" said Mary.

"Yes," replied John. "You can write the names on the backs a great deal more

conveniently before you put the seeds in, than afterward. But then you must be careful afterward to put the seeds in right, according to the names.

"If you wish to have any seeds to give away to your friends, then you must make another set of bags for them. Sometimes when they have seeds enough in their gardens, people make a number of sets of bags. And if they have a great many more seeds of one kind than they have of others, especially if it is a very pretty flower, they write that name on the backs of a good many bags, and fill them all, so as to have a great many of that kind to give away."

"Yes," said Mary, "that is an excellent plan. I mean to make a good many bags for Morning-Glory seeds."

"When you have got your bags all made," continued John, "you must then have a large table in some sunny place, to spread your seeds upon and let them dry."

"Yes," said Mary. "The elephant table in the playroom will be just the thing."

The elephant table was so called on account of the bigness of its legs. It was originally a carpenter's bench, and had been transformed into a table.



“ Yes,” rejoined John, “ you could not have anything better than that. You must cut out a great many pieces of paper, to put the different flower-seeds upon, while they are drying. Newspapers will do to make these pieces. You can fold one or two newspapers into quarters, and then cut through the folds with a paper-knife, and so you will get sheets of the right size. You must place these on the table, in order, in regular rows, with the margin of white paper for each on the upper side. And you must write on these margins, in pencil, the names of all the flower-seeds in your list.

“ Then, as fast as your flower-seeds get ripe,” continued John, “ you must gather them in a large plate, and rub out the seeds and blow away the chaff, and put the seeds upon the papers, — each kind according to the name marked upon the margin of the paper. You leave them there to dry.”

“ How long ? ” asked Mary.

“ Oh, two or three weeks,” said John. “ Seeds ought to be thoroughly dry before they are put away.

“ When they have stayed long enough

in the papers," said John, "you put them in the bags. But you must take great care to put them in right, according to the names written on them. When they are all in, then you gum down the little flap that comes over the top, and the work is done."

"That is an excellent way, Luly," said Mary. "That is the way we will do with our seeds."

"You can afterward, if you choose," said John, "take out one bag of each kind, to make a complete set, and tie them up by themselves and put them away. You might make two sets, if you please, one for you and one for Luly."

"Yes," said Luly. "Let us do that, Mary."

"We will," said Mary.

Thus it was agreed between Mary and Luly, that in gathering their seeds they would proceed in the systematic manner that John had described, and that they would make two full sets, one for Mary and one for Luly, and that they would also put up as many as they could besides, to give to their friends.

## CHAPTER II

## BEECHNUT CANDY.

THE children had a very pleasant time, in walking along and talking together by the way, as they went toward the wood ; but when they reached their place of destination, and began to gather the beechnuts, they found it very cold and uncomfortable work. There had been a frost the night before, and the grass was not yet dry, so that their fingers became wet as well as cold. Luly complained too that she could not find the beechnuts. She was too little, she said.

“ But you are not so little as the squirrels,” said Benny, “ and they find plenty of them.”

“ If I was as little as they are,” said Luly, “ with their eyes close down to the ground, I could find them too ; but I am not little enough to find them like the squirrels, and not big enough to find them like you.”

Benny's fingers were cold too, but he persevered. He even gave some of the nuts that he gathered to Luly, to put in her pail, by which act of gentlemanly politeness and attention on his part Luly was very much pleased.

John and Mary too succeeded in getting their pails about half full, but by that time the whole party began to be tired of the work, — especially as their fingers were so cold. There is no help for the cold in beechnutting, for you must do the work with your bare fingers. There is no such thing as picking up such little things from among the grass and fallen leaves with gloves or mittens on.

So it was concluded, by common consent, to be satisfied with pails half full, and to go home. They could now put on their gloves and mittens, to keep their hands warm, and the exercise of walking made them warm generally. They soon came out of the woods, and then began the long ascent which led up toward the old sugar-house.

This old sugar-house, as those of my readers who have perused the preceding

volumes of this series already know, was a small hut, open to the south, which had formerly been used for boiling sap to make maple-sugar. But the work had afterward been transferred to another place, and the boilers taken out and removed from the hut, leaving the chimney still standing, — only that the lower part was broken away where the boiler-flues had gone into the brick-work.

The children, when they came to the old sugar-house, went in and sat down. There were two seats within, — one along each side of the hut. The chimney was on the back side, and the front side, which was toward the south, was entirely open. Thus the sun shone into the interior during almost all the day, — its beams falling chiefly in the morning upon the seat on one side, and in the afternoon upon that on the other.

The children sat down all together upon the seat which had the most sun upon it, though the whole interior of the hut was quite warm and comfortable, inasmuch as, besides the warming influence of the beams of the sun, it was entirely sheltered from the wind.

When they were comfortably settled in their seats, they took off the covers of the tin pails.

"We have not got a great many beech-nuts, after all," said Mary.

"No," replied John. "The best thing we can do with them, is to make some candy and stir them in."

"Are they good to put in candy?" asked Mary.

"Yes, excellent," said John. "They are almost as good as almonds. We get out the meat of the nuts, and chop it up, and then stir it into the candy while it is hot."

"That's the very thing we will do," said Mary. "We would boil our candy out here in this sugar-house, if we only had a fireplace. There is a chimney already, if you could only bring out the iron fireplace, and set it up here."

What Mary called the iron fireplace was an old Franklin stove which had become cracked in one of its sides, and had been set away in a back room, at the house where Mary lived. The children had long been intending to move this stove out to the old sugar-house, and set it up there, but

had not yet done it, partly for want of bricks and mortar, or rather of mortar, for John knew where he could get plenty of bricks, and partly because the stove was such a heavy thing to move out to the spot.

"I know where I can get some mortar now," said John, — "at a place where they are making a cellar, — but now is not the time for bringing the stove out. I can only do that when there is snow on the ground, so that I can haul it on my big sled. It is too heavy for me to bring on a wheelbarrow.

"But then," added John despondingly, "when the snow comes, so that I can use my sled, then I don't know how I can get any mortar."

"Could not you put the bricks up now," asked Mary, "and get it all ready, and then bring the stove out afterward?"

"Yes," said John, starting up suddenly, as if much pleased with this idea; "that's what I will do. I will get the mortar now, and build the bricks back in their places, and set a short piece of pipe in, all ready. Then when the snow comes, all I shall

have to do will be to bring the stove here, and set it in its place, and slip the collar right into the pipe."

"The collar?" repeated Mary.

"Yes," replied John, — "the round part behind the stove that the pipe is meant to fit to."

After some farther consultation on the subject, the plan was formed for doing that work and making the candy, all together, that afternoon. The duties to be performed were divided, and to each one was assigned a share. John was to go home and get his wheelbarrow, and proceed with it to the place where they were building the cellar-wall, and procure the mortar and the bricks and the trowel, and wheel them to the place. Benny was to peel the beechnuts and get out the meat, and then Luly was to ask Sophronia to chop them up with the chopping-knife. Mary was to ask her mother for some molasses, and to put it in a tin pail and bring it out to the sugar-house. All this was to be done immediately after dinner.

The plan was carried into effect accordingly. John came with the mortar, bring-



ing it in an old pail upon his wheelbarrow. After taking this pailful of mortar, with the trowel sticking into it, to the sugar-house, he went back to the house to get some bricks. After putting as many bricks as he thought he should want upon his wheelbarrow, he placed a small kettle upon the top of the load, and then wheeled the whole to the sugar-house.

In the mean time Benny had collected a number of sticks, and had built a small fire in front of the sugar-house and far enough away from it to prevent the smoke from being blown in. John poured the molasses into the kettle, and then suspended the kettle over the fire at a proper distance above it, by means of three stakes driven into the ground around the fire, and united at the top. He also put bricks around the fire, so as to make a little wall, as it were, extending nearly up to the kettle, to assist in confining the heat.

When these arrangements were all made, John went to his work of repairing the masonry of the chimney, and setting in a short piece of pipe which he had brought with him for the purpose. While he was

doing this the other children watched the molasses, each one stirring it by turns, and the rest going into the thickets around to pick up more sticks for fuel. Occasionally, of course, they would come into the hut to look at John and see how he was getting along with his work.

Besides the molasses the children had brought out in one of the tin pails the beechnuts, all nicely cut up, ready to be put into the candy. They also brought several large plates, and some butter to butter them with, when they were ready to pour the candy into them,—in order to prevent the candy from sticking to them.

At length John's mason-work was finished, though he was obliged to take one of the bricks away from the fire in order to complete it. There were however four left at the fire, just the right number, John said, to put one under each of the four legs of the stove when it should be set in its place.

"And now," said John, "I wish the stove was here. I would set it right up."

"And you can't bring it until the winter comes?" said Luly.

"Not until the *snow* comes," said John.

"That is the same thing," said Luly.

"Not exactly," replied John, "for sometimes the snow comes several weeks before the winter begins."

"If I were they," said Luly, "whenever the first snow came I would have that for the beginning of the winter. *I think that is the beginning of the winter.*"

"It *is* the beginning of the sliding and snow-balling winter," replied John, "but not the winter of the almanac. That always begins at the same time in the year, whether any snow comes before it or not. You see it is more convenient for people in their business to have winter always begin at the same time. It will be a good many weeks before winter will begin, but we may have a snow-storm long before that time."

"How soon from now?" asked Luly.

"Why, it is now the last of October," said John, "and we may have a little snow-storm early in November. The least little bit of a snow flurry will do,—just to cover the grass a little."

"Then I wish it would come quick," said Mary.

"I don't know," said John, speaking slowly, as if he was thinking, — "I don't know but that the *frost* might make the grass slippery enough for me to draw the sled over it, if I were to come very early some frosty morning."

"I wish you would," said Luly. "I would get up and help you. Would the frost do as well as the snow?"

"Yes," said John. "Frost and snow are pretty much the same thing in reality, and they both make the grass very slippery."

John was right in this. If you look very closely upon a blade of grass, or upon a piece of wood that has been lying out in the open air in a frosty night, you will see that the millions of little spangles that form the frost, are only so many minute crystals of ice.

So if you catch some of the flakes of snow which fall in a snow-storm, and examine them in the same way, you will find that they are composed of little crystals too. If you have a magnifying glass, and know how to use it, you can see them very distinctly.

The snow, in a word, consists of masses of little crystals formed in the air, and the frost of very similar crystals formed upon the ground.

"I verily believe," said John, after reflecting a little longer upon the subject, "that I could haul the stove out here upon my sled some frosty morning, without waiting for the snow. The grass gets very slippery when there is frost upon it, and I can come upon the grass along the side of the road all the way.

"The only trouble will be," added John, "how to get the stove out of the back-room to the door, and to put it on the sled.

"I'll tell you what we will do," he said, after another pause; "I will bring my sled the day before, and load the stove upon it, in the back-room, and so drag it out when the time comes. I will lay ways for it, — frosty ways."

"How?" asked Luly.

"You will see," said John. "I have it" all arranged in my mind. I will bring my sled over this afternoon, and the first frosty morning next week I will come and haul the stove over."

While the children had been talking in this manner, they had been standing by the fire most of the time, watching the candy, and now and then trying it by taking out a little and pouring it into one of their buttered plates to let it cool. They now soon found that it had boiled enough, and so they put in the beechnuts, and after stirring the whole a little while, to mix them perfectly together, they poured the candy all out into the plates, where, when it was cool, it formed flat and thin cakes which could very easily be broken up into pieces of a convenient size to be eaten.

After eating several of the pieces of candy, and finding it excellent, they put the tin pail which had contained the mortar, together with all the other things except three of the plates of candy, into the wheelbarrow, and then set out for home. John wheeled the wheelbarrow, and the other children carried the plates.

When they reached the house they gave one of the plates of candy to Mary's mother and one to Sophronia. The rest they divided among themselves.

## CHAPTER III.

## MOVING THE STOVE.

JOHN brought his sled over to Mary's house the next Monday afternoon. It was too late to bring it the day that they made the candy. Mary had a sled herself, but it was not a suitable one for hauling so large and heavy a thing as a stove upon. So John brought one of his own,— a pretty large one which he kept on purpose for such uses.

He brought the sled into the back-room, to the place where the stove stood.

"Now," said he, "I must go and find something for us to use for crowbars to move the stove out with, and then to pry it over upon the sled."

So he went out and found two bars of wood, one for himself and one for Benny.

"I wish there was one for me," said Mary.

"And me too," said Luly.

"No," said John; "two are enough. Mary, you must help Benny with his, and Luly may help me."

Of course Luly would only be in the way in attempting to help John manœuvre his bar, but he knew that it would gratify her to think that she was helping, and so he would let her do a little. John put one end of his bar under the stove at one side, and directed Benny to do the same with his bar, and then lifted and *carried*, as the stove-workers say, — by which means he moved his side of the stove out a little way. Luly took hold with him and helped him. Benny and Mary did the same on the other side, and in this way the stove was moved out from the wall, and turned round, so that the sled could be placed close to it, and at the back of it.

"There!" said John, in a tone of satisfaction when the sled was placed, "that is all right. Now all that we have got to do is to tip the old fellow over, and lay him down upon his back upon the sled. That will be the hardest part of the whole affair."

John determined to proceed very care-



fully with this operation. He first found some old carpets and pieces of matting which he put down upon the sled, making a little heap of them there.

"Why don't you spread them down smooth?" asked Mary.

"Because I want first to make a kind of cushion of them," said John, "to break the fall of the stove if it should happen to slip away from our hold and go down too heavily. After we get the stove down, then we will smooth the things under it, so as to make it lie steady."

"Hoh!" said Benny, "how are you going to spread the things out when the stove is on them?"

"Oh, we will pry up one end at a time," said John, "and smooth the cloths and mats out. We can do that easily enough if we can only get the stove tipped over.

"First," said he, "we will pry it up a little way, and put a block under."

They had just got the block under when Jotham Jones, Mrs. Gay's hired man, happened to come through the back-room on his way to the barn, and he stopped to see

what the children were about. He stood a moment observing John as he was putting the block under the side of the stove opposite to the sled,—that is, the part which formed the hearth,—while Mary and Luly held it up with the bars, and then said,—

“What are you trying to do with this stove, John?”

“I am trying to load it upon my sled,” said John.

“Stand out of the way,” said Jotham.

And so saying, he put one hand upon the upper back edge of the stove and the other under the edge of the hearth, and lifting it up bodily from the floor, he held it in his hands, saying at the same time,—

“Spread your cloths down smooth.”

John hastily spread one of the pieces of carpet down, and then Jotham laid the stove down upon it, as gently as if it had been a baby.

“There,” said he, “it is on that sled; but I don’t believe you have got sense enough to bind it on so that it will stay on while you haul it.”

So saying, Jotham walked away.

"Where can I get a rope, or a cord of some kind," said John, after a moment's pause, "to tie it on?"

"I know where there is some string," said Luly.

"String won't do," said John; "we want a rope."

"I know where there is a rope," said Mary.

So Mary led the way up into the play-room, and there she showed John a coil of rope hanging upon a peg in a corner. It was part of an old clothes-line.

John took the cord down from the peg, and sent Luly into the house with it to ask her mother if she was willing that they should use it to bind their load with.

"I am *sure* she will be willing," said Luly.

"*I* wish to be sure too," said John, "and I shall be if you ask her and she says yes — and not without."

Luly went in, but soon returned with the rope, and with full permission from her mother to use it for the purpose intended.

So John went to work to lash the stove to the sled, taking care to do it in the most secure manner possible, by winding the

rope round and round, not only from front to back, but also from side to side, so as to prevent the possibility of its slipping in either direction.

"He shall see," said John, "that I *have* sense enough to bind my load so that it shall stay on."

After John had at last secured the load as he thought sufficiently, he took one of the bars, and Mary and Benny taking the other, they pried the sled, stove and all, back against the side of the room again, where it would be more out of the way of people coming along.

"Because," said John, "it may be a week or more before we have a frosty night."

When this was done, John said he must next prepare his "ways," as he called them. Luly asked him what the ways were for.

"They are for the runners of the sled to go upon along the floor," said John. "I am going to have some boards for runners, and I must leave them out of doors where the sky can shine on them in the night, and frost them over."

"You can't get boards long enough,"

said Luly. "It is a great way from here to the door."

"You will see how I shall manage," said John.

So John went out to the shed, and from a pile of boards of various widths and lengths, which had been piled up there to be sawed and split up for kindling-wood, he selected four pieces, — each four or five feet long, — and carried them out and laid them down upon the grass, where, as he expressed it, the sky at night might "shine" on them.

The word shine was not, it must be confessed, exactly the one to use for the purpose, but John was led to use it from the fact that his uncle Edward had told him that the dew upon the ground in summer, and the frost in the fall and winter, were produced by the influence of the cold sky which chilled the ground and the roofs of the houses, and everything else exposed to it, just as the sun warmed all surfaces thus exposed to his shining in the daytime.

And just as the foliage of a tree or the covering of a tent keeps the ground under them from becoming warm at noon by in-

tercepting the beams of the sun, so the same things at night would keep the dew or the frost from forming under them, by protecting them from the chilling influence of the sky.

The influence of clouds is the same too in both cases. Just as the clouds keep the earth from becoming very warm in the daytime by shutting out the sun, so they keep it from growing very cold at night by shutting out the sky.

John spread his four boards about upon the ground, where they would be fully exposed to the sky, and left them there.

"They are not long enough, I am sure," said Luly. "You never can get from the place where the stove is to the door, with only those four little boards."

"You will see," said John.

Everything being thus arranged, John and Benny bade their cousins good-bye, and went home.

They only had to wait two days for the frost. One evening when John went to bed, he observed that the night was very cold and the sky was clear. So he had no doubt that he should find the ground cov-

ered with frost in the morning. He arose quite early, and found it was as he expected. The ground and the roofs were all white. He awoke Benny, and they both dressed themselves as quick as they could, and then went to their cousin's.

They found Mary and Luly both ready and expecting them, and they all proceeded at once to the back-room. John went out into the yard and brought in his four boards, which were all white with the millions of icy crystals that had formed upon them during the night, out of the moisture floating in the air just above them.

He brought the boards in, one at a time. He put one on each side of the sled, close to the runner, and then while he pried up the runners, one at a time, Benny put the boards under.

John then laid down the other two boards in front of the runners, one before each, and in a line with them, like the rails of a railroad before the locomotive, — only these boards were so short that they extended only a very little way.

“I told you your boards would not be half long enough to reach to the door,” said Luly.

John said nothing, but taking hold of the rope he drew the sled forward from the first pair of boards to the second, and when the first pair were free he took them up, one by one, and brought them round and placed them before the sled, and then drew it along upon *them*.

"Oh," said Luly, "that is the way you are going to do it. I knew the boards would not be long enough to reach to the door in one length, and I told you so."

"Yes," said John, "and you were right in your calculation."

The boards were very cold, but as John had his mittens on he had no difficulty in handling them, and very soon he got the sled to the door. Here, of course, there were steps to go down, in order to get to the yard.

"*Now* what are you going to do?" asked Luly.

John said there was no need of the frosted boards to go down the steps, for the descent was so steep that the sled would go of itself.

"Indeed," said he, "what I am afraid of is that it will go down too fast, unless I contrive some way to hold back."



The stove, as it happened, was laid upon the sled in such a manner that the legs projected behind, and the pair that were uppermost were in about the right position to serve as handles. So John went behind and took hold of these, while the others pulled by the rope before. In this manner the load was let down the steps easily and gently to the ground.

The children found that the runners to the sled would slip very easily over the frosty grass. The other three could draw it without any difficulty without John. So John sent them forward with the load, while he put back the boards which he had used for ways, upon the pile from which he had taken them. Then taking the two bars in his hand, he went on and overtook the others, and they all went together along the lane.

Of course they did not go in the beaten path, but along the side of it, upon the grass, for the runners went much more smoothly upon the grass than upon the ground. They soon arrived at the hut, and there, by means of the two bars for levers, they easily pried the stove off from the sled, after first untying and unwinding

the rope which bound it, and then worked it along to its place.

Here it had to be blocked up by means of bricks placed under the legs, so as to bring the collar behind to the right level for being inserted into the short piece of stove-pipe which had been built into the wall, and this being accomplished, the work was done.

It was time then for them all to go home to breakfast, but they came back that very day and built a fire in their stove, to see how the arrangement would work. They found that it worked admirably well. The fire burned nicely, and the smoke of it was carried out through the pipe into the flue of the chimney, and so up into the outer air, and thus the atmosphere within was left clear and pleasant to breathe.

That same day, too, the children enlarged the hearth to their stove, by wheeling in a large quantity of coarse sand which they dug out of a bank, and spreading this sand around and under the stove, so as to fill up the space there level with the iron hearth, and then embedding some large flat stones in the sand,—one in front, and one on each of the two sides.



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They also spread some straw down over the rest of the floor of the hut, which aided very much in giving the interior a warm and comfortable appearance.

"Only," said John, "when we go away we must be careful to put the fire out, or at least rake it up well; for if this straw should get on fire, it would make a conflagration."

The children used this hut a great deal in the course of the autumn, especially on cold and windy days, when it was not comfortable playing out of doors. They made beechnut candy several times, and at one time they brought out some bread, and potatoes and apples, and butter and sugar, and played farmer. While Mary and Luly, who played that they were the farmer's wife and daughter, remained in the house and stewed the apples to make apple-sauce, and roasted the potatoes and toasted the bread, John and Benny went into the thickets in the neighborhood and gathered wood, which they hauled to the hut on their sleds over the frosty grass, and piled it up in a long pile near the front opening.

## CHAPTER IV.

## FENCE-MAKING.

ONE day when Mary and Luly were walking along the street in the town, they saw through a shop-window where toys were exhibited, a house with a field enclosed near it by means of a rail-fence. The posts of this fence were made of small blocks of wood with three holes bored in each. The posts were of the right length for such a fence, but they were made broader and thicker than they should have been to be in just proportion with the rails, in order that they might stand of themselves when placed upon the table or floor. Real posts do not require to be of great thickness or breadth, as they are supported by having the lower ends of them set into the ground.

The rails of the fence which the children saw in the toy-shop window were formed of long and slender bars of wood, not much

larger than matches. These bars had evidently been split out of a straight-grained piece of pine.

"Luly," said Mary, "I verily believe that you and I might make such a fence as that, if we only had the right kind of wood."

"John will give us the right kind of wood," said Luly.

"So he will," said Mary; "and we will go round now by his house and ask him."

So they went round that way in going home, and asked John for the wood that they wanted. Mary explained to him the plan that she had of making such a fence, and he told her that he thought she could do it very well, if she had straight-grained wood of the right kind. The only difficulty would be in boring the holes in such small blocks as the posts, without splitting them.

"You see," said he, "the holes must be pretty large, so that the ends of the bars can go into them, and it is very hard to bore large holes in small blocks of wood without splitting them, unless you have a peculiar kind of tool."

"What kind of tool?" asked Mary.

"A centre-bit is the best kind," said John.

So saying, John brought out what is called a set of tools contained in a hollow handle, and from among them selected a small centre-bit,—one that was made for boring a hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter. He fitted this bit into the handle, and laid all the other tools away, and then told Mary that he would lend her that to bore the holes with.

"You must put some rough board down upon the floor," said John, "and lay the piece that you are going to bore upon it, and put your foot on it, to keep it still. Then you must bore three holes near the edge, in such a way that when that piece is split off it will make a little post with three holes in it."

"Yes," said Mary, "I will do it that way."

"You must bore the holes before you split the piece off," continued John, "for in that way you will have the rest of the piece to hold your work steady by. You could not bore the holes with a *bit* in so



small a piece of wood as one of the posts would be after it is split off, without a clamp to hold it in."

"Could not I do it with a gimlet?" asked Mary.

"Yes," said John, "you might possibly do it with a gimlet, because you could hold the piece of wood with one hand and bore with the other. But then it would be very difficult to bore holes with a gimlet in such a small piece of wood, without splitting it.

"And even with a bit," continued John, "you might possibly hold the wood in one hand, and work the bit with the other, when the bit is in such a handle as this. But it is easier to put it down upon a board on the floor."

John then proceeded to saw out the pieces of board to make the posts and rails of. He selected from his stock a very clear and straight-grained piece of wood, and first sawed off, from one end, about two inches of the *length* of the board, by which means he produced a block, which, if we consider the *direction of the grain* as denoting the *length*, was about two inches long, and more than a foot wide.

"There," said John, "you must bore three holes pretty near the edge of this piece, at one end, and then split off about an inch with a case-knife and a hammer, and that will make one post. Then you bore three more holes and split off another piece of that width, making another post. You will get eight or ten out of this strip, even if you spoil one or two.

"I will saw you off another strip just like this, and that will make as many more. The two will give you eighteen or twenty posts in all, and that will be enough, I suppose."

After having done this and given Mary the two pieces which were to be split into posts, and which Mary called her post-timber, he sawed off two more pieces, each about a *foot* long. These were to make rails of.

"You had better split these up into pretty thick pieces," said John, "and then afterward subdivide them by splitting each thick piece in the middle, and then each half in the middle again, and so on until you get them thin enough for your bars."

"Why not split one bar off at a time?" asked Mary.

"Because," said John, "when you attempt to split a thin piece off from the edge of a thick piece, the cleft is very apt to run out toward the side where the wood is thinnest, and that makes the piece very thin at the lower end. But you can try it in that way, if you like, and see how it works.

"And now," continued John, "you will want some wedges."

"No," said Mary; "I am going to split out my rails with a knife."

"You can begin the split with a knife," said John, "but the knife is not thick enough to split it open entirely. At least it is much more convenient to have some wedges, to drive in when the cleft is open."

So John made a couple of wooden wedges of the right size and proportions for the work intended, and then Mary and Luly, taking in their hands the tools and materials which John had given them, set off for home.

They commenced their work that very afternoon. They found a place by a sunny door in the back-room, — the same one that the stove had stood in. Mary bor-

rowed from Sophronia an old kitchen-knife.

"Now," said Mary, "the hardest of the work is boring the holes, and we will do that first."

So Mary brought a small rough board and laid it down upon the floor, in order that in boring her holes she should not bore through into the floor. She found at first some difficulty in holding her tool in a perfectly perpendicular position, so as to make the holes square with the side of the post, but she soon learned to do this pretty well.

After she had bored three holes, she split off that part of the board by means of the case-knife and a hammer, and one post was made.

She then proceeded to make another, and when she had two Luly asked her to make some rails, so that she might begin to put the fence together.

So Mary split out some rails, following the directions which John had given her, by splitting off first a thick piece, and then subdividing it. In this way she soon had half a dozen very good rails. They were

about a foot long and a quarter of an inch thick.

As soon as three were done, Luly seized them, and began to fit them to the two posts. She soon had one length of the fence set up, and as she had more rails than were necessary for that length, she was impatient for Mary to make more posts.

This process went on very successfully for some time, until at length Luly had a fence four or five feet long, extending in a line along the back-room floor.

"Now," said Luly, "I want to turn a corner, and what shall I do?"

"We must have some corner-posts," said Mary. "Let me see; how must we make the corner-posts? I see. I must bore the holes on one side only half through, and then I must begin three more holes on the next side to it, right round the corner, and bore those half through too."

So Mary proceeded to make a corner-post, and she succeeded in doing it pretty well; though she found it rather hard to do it, for she could not bore the second set of holes until she had split the piece off, and then it was hard to hold it.

It was not absolutely necessary to make corner-posts, for Luly might have managed as the farmers generally do, who, in turning a corner, do not usually have double-faced posts, so to speak, made expressly for the purpose, but use two common posts, setting them in the ground close together, and in such a position in relation to each other as to turn the face of one in one direction and the other in another, at right angles to it.

While the children were at work in this way making the fence, little Dickey happened to come in.

He was extremely pleased with the fence, and he remained a long time helping Luly put up new lengths and turn new corners, as fast as Mary finished the posts and rails.

"I mean to get my brother James to make me some posts and rails like these," said Dickey.

"I don't believe he has got any good borer," said Luly. "It needs a very particular kind of borer."

"He will bore the holes with a gimlet," said Richard.

"No," said Luly, "a gimlet won't do. The posts will split."

"Then he will burn out the holes with a hot wire," said Richard. "I have seen him make holes in that way a great many times."

## CHAPTER V.

## DIRECTIONS.

WHEN Dickey went home that evening he told his brother James about the post and rail fence which Mary and Luly were making, and asked him to make one for him and his sister Sarah. James said he would do so, and the next afternoon he fulfilled his promise.

He adopted too, in a measure, the plan which Richard had suggested of burning out his holes with a hot iron. He first however bored through the wood in the places where the holes were to be, with a small gimlet,—so small that there was little danger of splitting the wood with it,—and then enlarged them by means of an iron wire about as large round as a slate-pencil, which he heated red hot at the end in the kitchen-fire.

As for the posts and rails that Mary made, she gave them, when they were



done, to Luly, and she also found her an oblong basket to keep them in. The rails would lie lengthwise in the basket, and leave room for all the posts to be piled snugly at the end.

Luly played with her fence a great many times on cold and rainy days, during the fall and ensuing winter. She could make a fence of the rails alone, with only two posts, one at each end, by running it in a zigzag direction and making the ends of the rails at the corners support each other by being laid alternately one upon another. It was at first rather difficult to do this, as Luly would often, in putting a new rail in its place, joggle and throw down those which she had placed before.

But one day when John was there he showed her how to proceed *systematically* with the process, and after that she had no more difficulty.

She first set up the post ; for in making a zigzag fence it is very convenient to have one post to begin with. She would put the end of the lowest rail into the proper hole in the post, and lay the rail itself along the carpet in the direction in

which it was going to lie. Then she would insert one end of the second rail in the next hole above in the post, and lay the other back a little to one side. The end of the third rail she would lay back farther still, to be out of the way.

Next she would take the first rail of the next set and place the end of it upon the end of the lower rail already laid; then she would lift the end of the second rail, which had been set back, and bring it over and lay it gently in its place upon the end of the other, and so on regularly with all the successive lengths.

When Luly had made her fence as long as she chose to make it, another post was required at the farther end, to keep up the ends of the rails of the last length.

It is possible, however, to do without any posts at all, by bringing the fence round in a ring, or in some other form to make an enclosure, so that the two ends shall come together, and support each other.

John also taught Luly how to make Indian wigwams out of her rails, by tying three of them together by a string wound round about an inch from one end, and

then spreading the other ends apart so as to form a sort of tripod, and afterward setting up other rails all around it, close together, taking care to keep the work balanced by building pretty equally on all the different sides.

There was a way also of building up a more complicated structure, by making three tripods pretty near together, and laying rails across from one to the other, — making what the children called a grand wigwam, — and then it is possible with great care to set another tripod upon the top of these, the feet of the upper tripod resting upon the tops of the lower ones. This makes a wigwam two stories high.

The children also sometimes made a *row* of tripods, extending all along the floor, with rails laid along upon the top, connecting them. This they called an aqueduct.

It is possible to build an arched bridge with bars like these, without any fastening whatever. Such a bridge as this, though somewhat difficult to make, is much more difficult to describe. It is almost absolutely necessary to have some one to show you how to do it. But perhaps, if you have

the bars, and follow my directions exactly, you may succeed.

You must have six bars at least to make one single combination. We will suppose your bars are a foot long and about a quarter of an inch in diameter. You take two of the bars and lay them down upon the carpet, parallel to each other, and about eight inches apart.

You take your place on the carpet in front of these bars, in such a manner that they shall point toward you, and then you lift up the two ends that are toward you, first one and then the other, and put another bar under the ends, crosswise. This is the first cross-bar. It should be about half an inch back from the end, so that the other bars when let down shall rest upon it securely.

Then lay another bar across from one of the parallel bars to the other, exactly in the middle, and on the *top of them*. Thus we have two parallel and lengthwise bars upon the carpet, and two cross-bars, — the first cross-bar *under* the others, near the end, and the second *above* them, at the middle.

Now take hold of the first cross-bar, that is the one *under* the parallel bars at the ends of them, and lift it up six or eight inches from the carpet. It will of course lift up the parallel bars with it, for it is under them. You must do this very carefully, by taking hold of the middle of the cross-bar with your thumb and finger, and lifting steadily. When the work is raised sufficiently high you then take two other bars, or let another person who is helping you take them, and run the ends of them *under* the first cross-bar, and *over* the second cross-bar, — one on each side of the bridge. This is the difficult part; namely, to know how to put in these two bars. If you do it right, as soon as they are in place you can let the work down, and you will see that it will rest on the two ends of these new bars, and the middle portion will be supported above the carpet, and will form the commencement of the arch of a bridge.

By going on in the same way for two or three lengths more, a very nice arch can be made.

Then you can make another arch close to it, and by laying a set of bars along

from one to the other, you can make a bridge of two arches, or more, if you wish, and if you have bars enough.

In a word, there are a great many things that can be done by such a set of bars or rails, if you have them, even without any posts.

And it is very easy to split them out in great numbers, if you can only get somebody to saw off for you a piece of wood from the end of a board that is straight-grained. You can split them by means of a knife and a small wooden wedge. It is not necessary even to have a hammer. A round stick of wood from a wood-pile is better than a hammer for driving in the knife, inasmuch as that will not bruise the back of the knife as a hammer would be very likely to do.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

THE little drawing and painting schools which Mary had in the play-room, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, awakened a great interest among all the children round about, in learning to paint and to draw. A great many children petitioned to be admitted to her school, when she had a school, many more than she could take. In fact, after having had three schools, she discontinued that plan, but yet whenever any of the children came to her she gave them such advice as she could, and the necessary directions to enable them to practise at home by themselves.

These directions are very few and simple, and any child who chooses can follow them, and can learn a great deal without any regular teacher.

You may make a teacher in fact of every picture you see in a book or a pictorial pa-

per. Drawing is only representing natural objects by means of black lines made upon paper, and any picture that you see will teach you how to do this if you will only examine it attentively and imitate it carefully. I ought not therefore to say that any child can learn without any teacher whatever, but without any living or personal teacher.

If there were a child that had never seen a picture of any kind, as for instance the daughter of a savage, and she were to be told that there was a way practised by civilized people of representing objects by black lines drawn upon white paper, and were to be given a sheet of paper and pencil and asked to try to learn how to do it, when she had never seen it done, that would be having really to teach herself.

But then, if any one were to come and bring her an engraving cut from a pictorial paper, or one printed on the page of a spelling-book, the child might very well say, —

“ Ah, now I can find out how it is done, for this paper will teach me.”

Then if she was careful and attentive



she would examine very closely all the lines, and see how they were made, so as to give a good representation of a house, or a gate, or a tree,—and in that way she might learn how to do it herself. She would have, as it were, the picture for her teacher.

Now any child can learn a great deal about drawing in the same way, that is by carefully and closely observing exactly how the lines are drawn in a picture, and then imitating them. But children generally do not do this. They only look at the model to see *what* they are to draw, not to learn *how* they are to draw it, by carefully observing what kinds of lines are drawn, in what places, and in what directions, and how near together, and then endeavoring to do exactly the same thing in their own work.

Mary explained to her scholars, and to all who came to ask her about drawing, that they must examine the picture which they were going to copy very minutely and carefully, in order to see just what kind of lines the artist made in drawing it.

“In drawing it?” said one of the girls

one day after Mary had said this; "but my picture is not drawn. It is printed."

"Yes," said Mary. "But it is printed upon a block that had a drawing made on it at first, and it is printed exactly like the drawing, — only the ink that it is printed with is blacker than the marks made by a lead-pencil. But you can see by the printed picture exactly how the drawing was made on the block, and so can learn how to draw properly yourself."

There were about a dozen children living in the different houses in the neighborhood that became very much interested in drawing and painting, in consequence of Mary's schools. They used to draw and paint at home, and then from time to time they would come and show their work to Mary.

Some of them became so much interested that they drew more or less every day, and they saved all their spending-money to buy drawing-pencils and paint-boxes and paint-brushes. Sometimes two or three would meet together at their several houses, and draw or paint all the afternoon, and often several of them would

come together to Mary, to show her the work that they had done.

At last one day Mary conceived the idea of having an exhibition. She proposed the plan to some of the girls.

"We will take a week, or two weeks if you please," said she, "to prepare. We will each draw and paint a picture for the exhibition. Then we will have them all arranged in the play-room at our house, and go in and see them."

The girls liked the plan very much.

"Those that are too young to draw their pictures themselves," continued Mary, "may trace the outlines by putting the picture which they are going to copy, with a paper over it, up to the glass."

Perhaps some of my readers may think that to trace their pictures in this way, by holding them up to the window, would not do any good, and the children would not learn anything by drawing in that way. But this is a mistake. Such little things as they would learn a great deal in that way. Children learn a great deal by drawing with a transparent slate, so called. They learn the exact forms of the different

objects which they draw, and the mode of representing them in drawing, and they train their hands and fingers to some degree of dexterity and freedom of motion, that will help them very much in all other things depending upon the use of the hand and fingers, which they will afterward have to learn.

They are not learning the same things, it is true, that the older children are learning who are far enough advanced to draw, themselves, by observation and estimate of distances and dimensions; but they are learning something, and something too which is just as important to them in their early stage of progress as that which the older girls learn is to them, in their more advanced stage.

Mary made a rule, however, that all the drawings which were traced in this way should be acknowledged as tracings in the inscription placed below. Under each picture was to be written, in the centre, the name of the subject; and in the corner, on one side, the name of the person who drew it, and on the other a memorandum denoting whether it was a tracing or a

drawing from some engraving, or an original design.

Some of the girls made original designs, as they called them ; though these designs were made up of elements selected from different engravings, — as a little cottage or hut from one, a group of trees from another, and a fence with a gate from a third ; and then by combining these objects in a new way, they would make a new picture.

But in whichever way the children made their picture, they were to write upon the corner what it was, whether a tracing, a drawing, or a design. If they were not old enough to write it themselves, they were to ask some older child to write it for them.

The children were all to keep their drawings out of sight from each other, as much as possible, until the exhibition. The day before the exhibition they were to bring them all to Mary, and she was to arrange them on the table in the play-room, and at the appointed time they were all to come in and walk around the table and see them.

Then, after they had seen them as much as they chose, they could all take their own,

and if they wished they could exchange them among each other.

The children were so much pleased with this exhibition that they determined to have another one on a larger scale. Mary assigned three weeks as the time for preparing for the grand exhibition, and each person was allowed to bring in three pictures, and they might be of any kind. They might be drawings or tracings, either colored or not colored, or engravings colored, either large or small. By this plan she thought there would be a great variety of works of art to be exhibited, and as there were now nearly a dozen children interested in the work, if each offered three specimens there would be thirty or forty in all, which would make quite a large collection.

Of course the work of preparing for this exhibition made a great deal of conversation in all the houses where the children lived who were engaged in it, and this called the attention of some older children there to the subject, and they began to feel inclined to paint pictures too, and some of them went to the stationery

store to buy back numbers of the pictorial papers, in order to obtain pictures to paint.

In fact the keeper of the little bookstore was quite surprised to find what a demand had sprung up for his old back numbers. He was very much pleased.

These older girls found that they could make very pretty pictures indeed by coloring some of the engravings. They of course had better judgment than the younger ones in selecting the pictures to paint, and more still in choosing and laying on the colors, and some of them made very large and beautiful pictures. These were all sent in for the exhibition, with the rest, and a very fine collection it made.

When the time for the exhibition came, the pictures were put up all about the play-room, on the walls, by means of pins in the corners, and the children all came to look at them. They spent nearly an hour in walking about the room and examining the pictures. They were hung so low that even the youngest children could see them.

They all were extremely interested in walking about the room and looking at the drawings and paintings, and they spent

more than an hour in examining and looking at them. Then they began to exchange them among each other. Some however preferred keeping their own. Of course every one could do just as she pleased.



## CHAPTER VII.

## KEEPING A JOURNAL.

AMONG Mary's other literary plans one was to keep a journal.

When she told her cousin John of her plan, he said that he should like to keep a journal too.

"And the next time we see uncle Edward," said he, "we will ask him what the best way is to do it."

"So we will," said Mary.

Accordingly, the next time they saw their uncle Edward they asked him if he would give them some advice about the best way of keeping a journal.

"Why, as to that," said Edward, "I don't know that I can tell you how a journal ought to be kept. I can tell you very easily how boys and girls of your age usually keep one."

"Well, how is it?" asked Mary.

"In the first place," said Mr. Edward,

“ they go and buy a big blank-book, so thick and hard that it is very difficult to write in it. When you try to write upon any page of such a book as that, the leaf on the other side opposite to it, and the rest of the leaves beyond it, cover and all, spring over upon you, and hinder your work. Then when you get down near the bottom of the page, there is nothing to support your hand beyond the edge of the book, and you can't write well at all.

“ However, they begin, and they resolve to write a little in their journal every day. But they soon break this resolution, because some days they think they have not anything to say. Some days too they are tired, or don't feel like writing. Sometimes they begin to write, but before they finish they think of something else they wish to do, and so hurry their work, and make the end of that day's writing a mere scrawl. In this way they soon get dissatisfied with their journal, and lay it away in a drawer and forget all about it. Then a long time afterward they take another notion to keep a journal, and so they look up the old book, and not liking the beginning they made in

it, they turn the book over and begin again at the other end. So their journal-book is all topsy-turvy."

John and Mary both laughed at their uncle Edward's account of the way in which young people usually kept journals.

"But after all," said John, "we don't care about the wrong and foolish ways of keeping a journal. We want to know a good way."

So Mr. Edward went on to tell them what he thought was the best way to proceed.

He advised them to get a thin book, of about the size of large note-paper. They could make the book themselves, he said, out of note-paper, with any kind of stiff paper for a cover. Twelve sheets of paper would make a book large enough for the first number.

"After you have filled one number," said he, "you can make another just like it, if you like, and then another, and when you have a good many, you can, if you choose, take them to a bookbinder and let him bind them into a regular volume. If you write them carefully and well enough,

you can have them bound in morocco, and handsomely lettered, and gilded on the back and at the edges, if you like."

"But I should not be willing," said Mary, "to leave my journal at the bookbinder's, and have him read all there is in it."

"Then you must carry some other book to be bound," said Edward, "and watch to see how he sews it. Then you can bind your books together yourself. All the difficulty is in the sewing. After you have got all the separate books sewed together, it is very easy to make the covers and the back."

"How do you do it?" asked John.

"Why, you cut out two pieces of paste-board for the two covers," said Edward, "and then glue a piece of cloth on for the back, or a piece of morocco, if you have got it, and then cover the sides with marble-paper. But it would be a great deal better to let the bookbinder do it. And you must write your journals so carefully that you won't be ashamed to have anybody see them."

"But there might be some secrets in them," said Mary.

"No," said Mr. Edward. "You must not put any secrets in your journals. Make it a rule never to write anything in your journal—nor in anything else in fact—that you are not willing that the whole world should see."

"Oh, uncle Edward!" exclaimed Mary.

"I don't mean exactly that you ought to be *willing* that all the world should see what you have written, but only that you should write nothing that it would do any harm for anybody to read. And especially you must make it a rule not to write anything about any persons whom you know, that you would be unwilling to have those persons read.

"However," continued Mr. Edward, "whether you ever get your journal bound into a volume or not, it is much better to write it in separate thin books, like the numbers of a magazine. These books must be all of a size; and the page, —I mean the written page, that is the part which the writing covers,—and also the inner margin, must be always the same; so that if there should be any difference in the size of the leaves of the

different books, it should all be in the outer margins, that is in the margins at the top and bottom, and at the outer edge. Then when the books are finished and bound together, they may be all trimmed down to the same size, — that is if you have left in all, as you ought to do, a proper margin all round."

Another recommendation that Edward gave to Mary and John was that they should *not* resolve to write a little in their journals every day, but only when it was convenient and agreeable to write.

"It is not best," said he, "to make keeping a journal a task; if you do you will soon get tired of it, and will neglect it, and the book will come at last to be associated in your minds with resolutions broken, and duty neglected, and so the very sight of the book will trouble you. There is no reason for this, for keeping a journal is not one of your duties. It is something that you undertake for pleasure. It is the pleasure of improvement in a great measure, it is true, still it is the pleasure that is your motive, and you undertake the work of your own accord.

So you ought to manage it in such a way as to make it a pleasure. Therefore your plan must be to write when it is convenient and agreeable, and not at any other time."

Mr. Edward advised the children moreover not to confine their journals entirely to accounts of themselves personally, but to put into them anything which it would be useful to remember, or interesting for themselves or others to read.

"Copy anecdotes in them," said he, "or poetry, and make memoranda of any important facts that you learn, and above all things embellish them with pictures, such as drawings that you make from nature in your walks, or little pictures that you paint. You can put in riddles too, and conundrums, and puzzles of all kinds, here and there. All these things will make your journals a great deal more interesting, and consequently more valuable."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gay, who was sitting in the bay-window all this time, at work and listening to this conversation, "I have no doubt the books would be more interesting made up in that way, but

they would be magazines rather than journals."

"True," said Mr. Edward. "And they might call their books magazines if they would like. A journal is, strictly speaking, something written day by day; but the word is commonly used to denote anything written at regular or irregular intervals of time."

"We will call ours journals," said Mary.

"Yes," said John, "so we will. At least that will be the best name for yours. But I shall put so many other things in mine that perhaps I had better call mine a magazine."

"Well," said Mary, "mine shall be a journal, and yours shall be a magazine."

"Whenever you put in pictures, or anything else," continued Edward, "use the gum very thick, and only put on the smallest possible quantity near each corner of the picture, — for if you put on enough to wet your paper much it will *draw* it and pucker it, and it will never afterward lie smooth."

"Yes," said John, "we know about that."



“ And if you put many pictures in, or flowers, or anything else to make the book thicker in the pages, you must sew in some false leaves at the back, like the false leaves of a scrap-book, — so as to make the back of the book as thick as the body of it.”

“ But if the book is already sewed,” said Mary, “ how can we get the false leaves in ? ”

“ You cannot get them in,” said Edward, “ without cutting the thread and taking the leaves apart, and then, when you have put in the false leaves, sewing them together again. That is some trouble ; and you need not do that, unless you choose, until you have finished a good many books, and are ready to have them bound in one. And if you only put a few pictures in you will not have to do it at all.”

“ I mean to put a great many pictures in mine,” said Mary.

“ And I mean to put a great many drawings in mine,” said John ; “ but I shall draw most of them right on the page.”

"Then you will not have to put in any false leaves at all," said Edward.

Another thing that Edward especially recommended was that the children should take special pains that every single word in their journals should be written as well as they could write it.

"Don't have any scribbling in your book," said he. "Have it all carefully written, and all written alike, with letters of the same size and the same slant. To secure this you must write a little specimen on a slip of paper, and keep it with you, like a sort of book-mark, as you go on, and look at it every day when you begin to write, and make your writing correspond to it.

"If you don't do that," continued Edward, "your writing will vary on the different pages, and your book will not look well. You must write your specimen too in a plain, neat, round, and careful hand, so that the writing shall everywhere be as easy to read as print."

"Yes," said John, "that would be the best way, I know; but sometimes we have not time to finish what we have

begun, and so we get in a hurry and don't write the last part of it so well."

"That is just the way it happens," said Mr. Edward. "And I'll tell you what you must do to avoid it. It must be one of two things. You must either leave the work unfinished for that day, with a view of finishing it at another time, or else you must give it up entirely, and write *Interrupted* at the end of it, and so let it go as a fragment. You can, if you choose, put the title Fragment at the beginning of it. We often find unfinished things like those in books, made so on purpose, and there is no objection to your having them in your journals. It is a *great deal* better to leave them so than it is to hurry on for the sake of finishing them, and so spoil the uniformity and beauty of your pages by having here and there articles begun nicely and ended in a careless and scrawling hand.

"Another thing," continued Mr. Edward, "is that you must not run all your articles together, but make them separate from each other, with a blank line and a dash in the middle of it, between each. The best way

to make the dash is with a dot, or little circle, in the middle, and a short line on each side of it. I will show you how."

So saying, Edward took a pen and a piece of paper, and made a dash, thus, —o—, such as he had described.

"For every long article too," said Edward, "you ought to have a separate caption or heading, to tell what it is about. And so when you are going to begin a long article, or even a short one which is on any one definite subject, you must leave two blank lines at the beginning of it, — one for the heading itself, and one for the space between the heading and the beginning of the article. And you had better not write the title of the article till after the article itself is finished."

"I should think," said Mary, "that the title should be written the first thing."

"No," replied Edward, "for very often you change the plan of your article after you begin to write, or it becomes something different from what you expected it would be, and then some different title from the one you first thought of would be better."

After hearing these and some other similar instructions from their uncle, the children became more interested in the plan of keeping a journal than ever, and they agreed to begin them together the next Saturday afternoon.

MARY GAY'S WORK IN AUTUMN.

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"You cannot get them in," said Edward, "without cutting the thread and taking the leaves apart, and then, when you have put in the false leaves, sewing them together again. That is some trouble; and you need not do that, unless you choose, until you have finished a good many books, and are ready to have them bound in one. And if you only put a few pictures in you will not have to do it at all."

"I mean to put a great many pictures in mine," said Mary.

"And I mean to put a great many drawings in mine," said John; "but I shall draw most of them right on the page."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE BEGINNING.

JOHN came to his cousin Mary's the next Saturday afternoon, bringing Benny with him. It was rather a cold day, too cold to make it agreeable to play out of doors, and so Luly and Benny took Luly's fence materials and went into the back sitting-room, and there occupied themselves with building fences, bridges, bird-cages, and other such things, while John and Mary in the parlor began to attend to the business of the journals.

The first question was about the size, — whether the books should be of the *quarto* or of the *octavo* size and shape.

A common writing-book is of the *quarto* form, and is so called in consequence of its coming from the folding of the sheet of paper into four leaves.

A sheet of note-paper, on the other hand, is of the *octavo* form, being oblong.



It is so called because it comes from folding the sheet of paper into eight leaves, from *octo*, an ancient word which means eight.

The quarto, or writing-book form, gives a broader page and longer lines to write upon, and is on that account more convenient for the writer while he is at work.

The octavo, or note-paper form, being narrower, would make a book, when several of the sewed numbers were bound together, that would be more convenient to use, and would stand better with other books upon the shelves of a library,—as most books in libraries are either of the octavo form, or else, if smaller, of substantially the same shape as the octavos,—that is, oblong, instead of being nearly square.

Thus books of the quarto form would be more convenient for the writers while they were making them, but the octavo form would be better after they were made.

The children both finally decided upon the octavo form, and they determined at once to go into the town to buy some large-sized note-paper to make them of.

Mrs. Gay, Mary's mother, gave them money to buy a ream of such paper.

"But," said she, "the paper is not all yours. I will give you at the beginning one quire out of the ream, and you can make two books of it, one for each of you. I don't think that either of you will persevere long enough to fill more than one book; I have some doubts whether you will ever get even one book full. I will, however, keep the rest of the paper for you as long as I find there is any probability of your wanting to use it. If at any time I observe that a week passes without your writing anything in your journals, then I shall be at liberty to use the paper for notes, or for anything else."

"A fortnight, mother," said Mary; "say a fortnight. We might sometimes not write anything for a week, without giving up our journals altogether."

"But it would be very easy," said Mrs. Gay, "if you find the week has passed away without your having done anything to your journals, to sit down on Saturday evening and write something, even if only a few lines, so as to save your

paper. I ought not to take the trouble of keeping it for you, if you are not willing to take so much pains as that. You know that whenever you begin again upon your journals, if I have used all this paper up, you can buy some more at the bookstore."

"Only," said John, "that the man may not happen to have any more of this kind then."

"You will have to take your chance of that," said Mrs. Gay. "And at any rate you will be safe as long as you do not let a week pass without writing something in your journals."

The children concluded on the whole to be satisfied with these conditions, and they set off together to buy the paper. They chose the largest size of note-paper that the bookseller had, and of a kind, too, formed of pretty thick paper, for convenience of erasing when they should make mistakes. They also bought some thick and stiff brown paper for covers.

When they came home they took out one quire from the ream, with a view of giving the rest to Mrs. Gay.

Then John proceeded to sew the two

books. He made the covers at first large enough to extend beyond the paper a little way, on every side, and then trimmed them down *nearly* to the size of the white paper. It was better, he thought, to let the covers project a little way beyond the edges, in order to protect them, and prevent their getting soiled.

"And now," said Mary, "the next thing is to rule the margin all around. Uncle Edward said that we must not write out to the edge of the paper, but must leave a white margin all around, as they do in books, and unless we rule lines we shall forget."

"But I have thought of another plan," said John, "that I think will be better."

"What is it?" asked Mary.

"I am going to make a margin-guard," said John. "You will see."

So saying, John took a piece of the thick paper which he had bought for the covers, as large as two pages of the book, and folded it just as he would have done for a cover, only in this case the fold was at the top instead of at the left-hand edge. He slipped this piece on over the first leaf

of his book, to see if it fitted. Of course one of the folds came down and covered the front side of the leaf, and the other went down behind.

"There," said he, "this is going to be the guard. Now I am going to cut just the size of the page of writing out of the front leaf of it, and then the middle part, just the size of the page, will be open, and we can write there, but there will be a margin of thick paper all around, covering the margin of our book, so we *can't* write there, whether we forget or not."

"Yes," said Mary, "that will be an excellent plan."

So John, having previously made his guard just the size of the page, proceeded to mark out upon the front fold of it a margin about half an inch wide all around, and then he cut out the middle portion, by means of the scissors. He first thrust the point of the scissors through the paper in the middle, and then cutting out to the margin line he followed it carefully all around, and so took the middle part out.

He then gave the guard to Mary, that she might try it upon the first leaf of her

book, to see if it fitted. She found that it did fit perfectly well.

"You can keep that one," said John, "and I will make another for myself, in the same way."

Before long both the guards were finished.

"Now," said John, "we have only to be careful always to put our guards on before we begin to write, and our margins will always be safe."

"And now," said Mary, "we are ready to begin."

"Yes," said John; "but let us look into some book first, and see how they begin in a book."

"They begin with the title-page first," said Mary.

"Shall we have a title-page?" asked John.

"Yes," said Mary; "I think it would be a good plan. What shall the title be? Yours is going to be Magazine, and mine is going to be Journal."

"But we need not write the titles now," said John. "We can leave a page for the title, and go on, and so get more time to

consider what the title-page shall be. Uncle Edward told me that when they make books they always print the title-page the last thing."

"I don't see how they can put it in," said Mary, "after all the rest of the book is done."

"We can leave ours, at any rate," said John. "The next thing that comes in the book is the preface. Shall we have any preface?"

"No," said Mary, shaking her head. "I think we had better not have any preface. I don't know what we should put in it."

"We might write in it," said John, "how we came to think of writing a journal, and what uncle Edward told us about the way of doing it."

"No," said Mary. "We had better put that in the journal itself, where people will read it. They never read what is in the preface."

"Then," said John, "we will just leave one leaf for the title-page, and begin on the next one, and we will begin by telling how we came to write a journal."

"But first," said Mary, "we must write our specimens."

So they both took a small strip of paper which they cut off from the top of a sheet, and wrote upon it the following words, which John dictated and he and Mary wrote, phrase by phrase, as he dictated them. They both wrote with great care, as if they were setting copies in a writing-book, the following

## SPECIMEN.

*All the writing in this book must be as nearly as possible like this specimen.*

"Now," said John, after the specimens were finished, "we will keep these in our books for a mark, and every time we write in them we will look at the specimens, and put them at the top of the page and have them for a copy."

John then looked at the printed book again, to see about the beginning of it.

"They don't begin the first page at the very top," said John. "They begin part of the way down."

"Then we will begin ours part of the way down too," said Mary.

"There will be some kind of a head-



ing," said John, "but we will write that in by-and-by. And now what shall we begin with?"

"How would it do to put the rules in first?" said Mary, — "the rules that uncle Edward gave us."

"That will be an excellent plan," said John. "First we will tell how we came to ask him."

So taking his seat at the table and dipping his pen into the inkstand, John began to repeat to himself the words which he was going to write.

"My cousin Mary and I" —

"Only," he added, interrupting himself and looking up to Mary at the same time, "you must say my cousin John and I."

"Yes," said Mary, "I will."

So they both began to write.\* They wrote as far as John had dictated, and then they went on, sometimes John dictating and sometimes Mary, until at length the opening article in the two journals, or rather in the journal and the magazine, was completed. It was as follows in

\* See frontispiece.

Mary's, and John's was almost word for word the same.

My cousin John and I thought we would keep a journal, and uncle Edward gave us these rules :—

1. Write your journals in thin books, to be afterward bound together.

2. Make the pages all of exactly the same size.

3. Be very sure to leave a margin all around the writing, or else some of the letters will be cut off when you trim the edges of your book.

4. Have a specimen of writing, and make all the writing exactly like it.

5. *Don't* resolve to write some every day.

6. Put in some pictures, if you have any pretty ones, or can make any.

7. If you put in a great many pictures you must put in some false leaves to make the back of the book as thick as the middle of it.

8. Copy stories and riddles and anything else in your journal that will make it enter-

taining. Also anything that you learn and wish to be sure to remember.

9. Never put any secrets in your journal.

10. When you get tired of keeping your journal put it away carefully in a safe place, and by-and-by, when you feel inclined, you can go on with it again.

It took the children an hour to write these rules, they proceeded so slowly and carefully with their work. They also stopped frequently to compare their writing with the specimen, so as to make it uniform throughout, and they succeeded so well in doing this, that, when they came to the end, they found that they had written the tenth rule as handsomely as the first.

I am not certain that the tenth rule did not look even better than the first, for just before they began it John gave Mary a special caution.

"This is going to be the last rule," said he, "and let us take special pains with it, so as to have a handsome ending."

By the time the rules were finished they were both tired of writing, and so they concluded to put their journals away for that day.

"Though first," said John, "we must put in the caption for this article."

"What shall it be?" said Mary.

"The Ten Rules," said John. "There are just ten of them."

So, after the ink was dry where they had been writing, they turned back to the beginning. Here, a few lines down from the top of the page, Mary wrote, in a plain round hand, the word *JOURNAL*, while John, in the corresponding place on his page, wrote *MAGAZINE*. Each ruled three lines underneath the word.

Then, a few lines below and near the commencement of the article which they had written, they inserted the words, —

#### THE TEN RULES.

John was going to carry his book home, but Mary proposed that he should leave it with her, and then that he should come to her house when he was going to write in his magazine again, so that both of them might write together.

"It is a great deal pleasanter," she said, "for us to write our journals together."

"Well," said John, "I will. Only we

need not always write the same thing, as we have to-day."

"Oh, no," said Mary. "We can each write what we like, only it will be pleasanter for us to write together. Then we shall be more careful. And, besides, we shall not get tired so soon."

"Well," said John, "I will leave my book and come here again pretty soon. Only sometimes you must bring your journal to our house and write with me there."

"Yes," said Mary, "I will."

So Mary took John's book and put it away carefully with hers, and then John went to find Benny, and they went home together.

When Luly came to see Mary's journal, which she did that evening when Mary showed it to her mother, she was extremely pleased with the idea, and she wanted to have a journal too.

"Only," she said, in rather a desponding tone, "I don't think I could keep so many rules."

We shall, however, hear more of Luly's journal in another chapter.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THE children had all been so much pleased with the drawings which they had made of the boat and the pier, on the day when John took them in the carryall to Warner's Pond, especially after they had painted them, that many of them felt a strong desire to go out and draw from nature again. It was not necessary, they said, to go so far as Warner's Pond. They could find something to draw that was nearer, where they could walk.

But it was getting so late in the season that Mary thought it would be too cold to draw in the open air.

"It is very pleasant weather," she said, "for running about and playing, with our gloves or our mittens on to keep our hands warm, but it would be very cold and uncomfortable for our fingers to draw in the open air, such a time as this."

"I wish we had begun to draw sooner in the year," said Tirzah. "We might have gone out a good many times last summer when it was warm."

Tirzah was a very still and quiet little girl, who was very attentive, patient, and faithful in all her work, and talked very little, though, when she did speak, what she had to say was always quite to the purpose.

After some farther conversation it was decided by Mary and the others that the weather was too cold at that time to make it pleasant for a party to go out and draw in the open air.

About a week after this, however, the Indian summer began. The weather became for some days very warm and pleasant. The sun was bright and the air was calm and balmy, just as in the real summer, and one afternoon while Mary and Luly were at work in their garden they saw two or three other girls coming in through the gate, Tirzah among them.

Mary and Luly were at work raking all the weeds and rubbish in their little gardens into a heap in the middle, in order to burn

them up, and they were just lighting a match to set them on fire, when they saw these visitors coming. Sarah, Richard's sister, was at the head of the party.

They came to say that it was so warm now that they might go out on a drawing excursion, if Mary would only go with them.

Mary said that she would like to go very much, and after some farther conversation it was decided to form a party for the next morning. It was agreed too that they would go down to the mill-stream and make a drawing of the mill. One of the girls said that she had seen in a drawing-book a drawing of a mill, and it made a very pretty picture.

In farther conversation upon the subject they came upon what Mary was at first disposed to consider a very serious difficulty, arising from the number of girls that were intending to go. On counting them up, it appeared that there were ten or twelve that wished to be of the party.

"I don't see how I can take care of so many," said Mary. "Besides, we shall make such a crowd of girls going along



the street that everybody will stop to look round at us."

"We must scatter along," said Tirzah, "three or four together."

"Yes," said Mary, "that will be a very good plan."

"I might ask my cousin John to go with us," added Mary, after a pause, "and he could help me."

One of the older girls at once objected to asking John, because, as she said, she was not willing to have him see her drawing.

"Oh, that's no matter," said Luly. "I would as lief have him see my drawing as not."

"But then," said Tirzah, "if we should ask him to go with us he might think that we wanted him to take us in the carryall again."

It was finally concluded, either for these or for other reasons, not to ask John to go, but to go by themselves, and not to have any boys of the party except one or two very small ones. The persons who wished to go were all to be notified to assemble in the yard at Mary Gay's house the next

morning at nine o'clock. Each was to bring a luncheon in a basket, as an expedition like this without something of the nature of a picnic connected with it would lose half its charm.

As it would be difficult to provide drawing-boards for so large a number, it was arranged that every one was to provide herself with a book, — taking care to choose one with a smooth cover. Each one was to carry her paper in this book, on the way, and use the book for a drawing-board when making her sketch.

Each one was also to take with her a pencil and a piece of India-rubber. The luncheons were all to be put up in paper parcels, so that there should be no empty baskets to bring back.

Thus the enterprise seemed to be well planned in all its details; but I am sorry to say that it did not succeed very well. Indeed it was in almost all respects a decided failure, and Mary was quite distressed at the result of it.

The first difficulty which the party met with was in going through the town, on their way to the mill. Mary did not like

to have so large a party go along together like a flock of sheep, as she said, for everybody to stare at; and so she adopted Tirzah's suggestion of "scattering along." She appointed Tirzah herself — she being a very considerate and careful girl — to go first, taking one other child with her. She charged Tirzah to be very careful not to walk fast, but to go along slowly enough to make it easy for the others to keep up; and she was to look back occasionally to see whether the next pair were coming on, and were at the proper distance, and if not she was to walk more slowly, or even to stop, if necessary, to allow those behind her to come up.

Next to these two were to come three girls — three that wished to walk together. They were directed to wait till Tirzah and her company had gone on a little way, and were then to follow, but to keep at a considerable distance, — about as far, Mary said, as they could throw a small stone. If they found that they were getting too near to those before them, then they were to walk more slowly; and if they were getting too far away, then they were to go

faster, — so as always to keep about as far off as they could throw a small stone.

The rest of the party were divided in the same way, into sets of two or three, and sent off at intervals after each other, every different set being instructed to keep always as nearly as possible at the same distance from those before them.

These instructions, if they had been properly followed by the children, would have had the effect of enabling the whole party to pass through the village without attracting any attention, for they would not have appeared to be one party at all.

But the children, being full of excitement and joy, did not pay much attention to the instructions after they once commenced their walk ; and indeed they got quite into a frolic in regard to them ; for Lucinda, who happened to be one of the three that came next after Tirzah, finding, just as they were passing through the busiest part of the village, that she and her set were too near to Tirzah, said suddenly, —

“Look! We are getting too near. Mary said we must not get so near that we could hit them with a stone.”

So saying, she picked up a small pebble, and threw it forward toward Tirzah. The other girls with her did the same. The girls of the set behind them, seeing this, thought that they would try the same plan. So they began to pick up pebbles, and to throw them at Lucinda and her set.

Those behind them, seeing what was going on, concluded to join in the frolic, and so before long every set was busy picking up pebble-stones and pelting those before them.

And this was not the worst of it. For when Tirzah and her companion who were at the head heard the pebbles rattling upon the ground behind them, and on looking round saw that Lucinda and the others were throwing stones at them, they began at first to walk faster, and then to run, in order to get out of the way. It is true the pebbles were very small, and would not have hurt them much if they had hit them; but then they did not like to be hit by stones in the street, if they were ever so small, and so they hurried on to get out of the way. Lucinda then, and those with her, began to run too, partly to keep up with Tirzah, and

partly to get out of the way of those who were pelting them from behind. Then those behind them began to run in the same way, and Mary, who came last, had very soon the inexpressible mortification and chagrin of seeing her charge running as fast as they could run after each other along the most public street of the village, screaming with laughter, and pelting each other with stones.

What made it all the more vexatious for Mary was, that there was nothing that she could possibly do to remedy this disorder, except to run after the children and try to stop them. But to do this would have been only to complete the ridiculousness of the exhibition which her party were making of themselves.

To have attempted to call to them would have been worse still, for they were so far before her that she could not have made them hear without actually screaming, and this would have only added to the disorder, and called the attention of the people in the street to it still more effectually.

So Mary did the best thing she could possibly have done in the case, and that

was nothing. She walked quietly along, just as if she did not belong to the party at all. Only she took care to notice particularly how many of the children there were who did not take any part in the disorder, and to remember their names.

At length the children became tired of the fun, and then probably, too, they began to feel some sense of the impropriety of it, and they resumed their regular order of march, and after this went on very quietly.

They went on in this way, Tirzah and her companion at the head, until they came to a great gate which led to a path through the fields that would take them to the mill.

Tirzah, who had received full instructions beforehand what she was to do, stopped when she came to this gate, to wait for all the divisions of the party to come up. For as they had now passed through the town there was no longer any necessity for being scattered, and Mary's plan was, that, in going along this path through the fields and woods, they should all keep together.

There was a little girl named Margaret, generally called Madge, who had walked

with Mary all the way. Madge was a wild little thing, — very good-natured, but so full of life and fun that she was often getting into mischief or difficulty, and for that reason Mary had chosen her to walk with *her*. When Madge saw the children running after each other and pelting each other with stones, she was at first very eager to run forward and join them; but when Mary restrained her from this, and told her that the children ought not to do so in so public a place as the street, then she wanted to run forward and stop them.

But Mary said no, and kept Madge walking along quietly by her side.

"I am ashamed of them," said Mary, "and I have no doubt that all the people that see them are ashamed of them. But you and I will walk along quietly, as we ought to do, and none of the shame will come upon us. We won't let the people know that we have anything to do with them."

And now, as Mary and Madge were drawing near to the gate where all the rest of the children were assembled, Madge's mind seemed to be quite exercised to know what Mary was going to do.



"They ought to be ashamed of themselves," said Madge. "If I were you I would not let one of them draw."

"But there were some of them that were not to blame," said Mary. "I counted four that did not run or throw any stones."

"Then I would punish the rest in some way," said Madge.

"No," replied Mary.

"Then at least I would give them a good scolding," said Madge.

"No," replied Mary, "scolding is not my way."

"I'll give them a good scolding for you," said Madge, "if you wish me to," — looking up at the same time eagerly into Mary's face, as if she was all ready to run forward and begin, if Mary would only say the word. "Shall I?"

"No," said Mary, "we won't either of us scold them."

Mary was indeed very much in doubt what the best thing was for her to do, in regard to the disorder which her party had fallen into; but she was very sure that appearing to be angry with them and

scolding them was not the best thing. In the mean time she determined that until she had had time to decide what was the best thing to do she would not do anything, — in conformity with that excellent maxim, —

“When you do not know what to do, do nothing.”

## CHAPTER X.

## NO SCOLDING.

MARY went up to the children that were assembled at the gate, without any expression of displeasure upon her countenance, but smiling as usual.

“ Well, girls,” said she, “ we have got so far. Now open the gate and let us all pass through. We can go along this path through the fields and woods all together, or just as we please ; and we can run about and play as much as we like.”

The children who had all felt some misgivings when Mary was coming to join them, expecting that she would scold them for what they had done, were greatly relieved at being accosted in this way, and felt more joyous and hilarious than ever. They set off all together on the full run along the path, — their shawls and bonnet-ribbons fluttering behind them in the wind they made ; so that they were now more

like a flock of birds than a flock of sheep. This was, however, of no consequence, for they were now in a retired place, where there could be no harm in any amount of fun and frolicking.

But unfortunately any intellectual enjoyment like that of drawing and the pleasure of fun and frolicking—though each excellent by themselves—do not go well together. When at length the party arrived at the place below the mill where they were going to draw, they had become so flurried with the excitement and the motion, that they found, when they had got out their drawing materials, and had seated themselves on the rocks and began to draw, that their hands trembled so much that they could not do anything at all.

Besides, they were all now so full of fun that they felt much more like running about and playing, and throwing stones into the water, than like sober patient work with their pencils. Some left their paper on the rocks, with a stone upon it to keep it from blowing away, and went to look over the work which the others were doing. Some went down to the brink of the stream,

and began to throw stones and sticks into the water. One boy climbed up into a little tree, and called out to the rest to see how high he was; and two girls began clambering up some jagged rocks, to see if they could not get up higher still than the boy.

You will wonder perhaps where Mary was all this time, and why she did not exert her authority to restore order. The truth was that Mary had come to the wisest conclusion that she could have possibly adopted under the circumstances of the case, which was to give up the whole plan of making this a drawing-party, and let it go for a frolic.

"They have got into such a gay condition," she said to herself, "that it will be very hard work to bring them to order. Indeed I don't see how I could do it at all, as I have not got the flag here with me, to keep them still.

"Besides," she added, "they need to have frolics now and then as much as they do to learn to draw, and as this is one of the last pleasant days we shall have this year, I will let them have a good time."

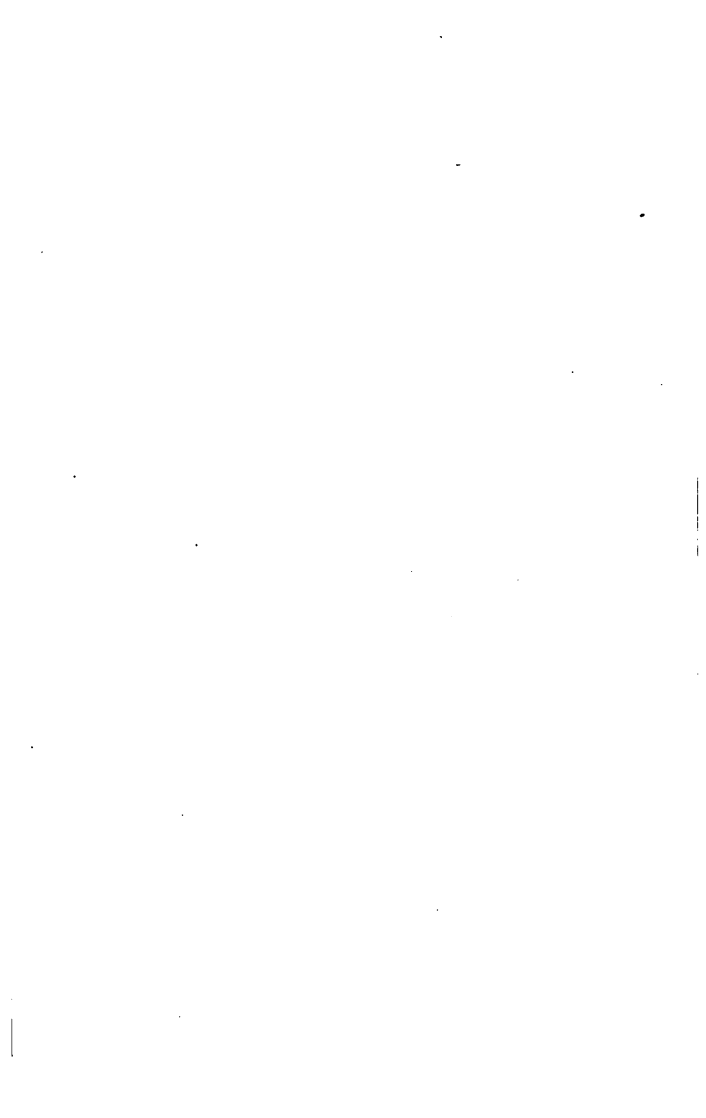
So she went and took her seat upon a flat stone under some trees growing near the bank, where the warm sun shone in very pleasantly, and let the children do as they pleased.

A few of the girls went on faithfully and patiently with their work in making a drawing of the bridge. Some others, after beginning, and drawing a few strokes in a hurried, and consequently in a careless manner, became dissatisfied with their work and gave it up. These and some others left their drawings unfinished and went away to play, placing their books upon the stones which had served them for seats, to keep their places till they came back, and many of them left their drawings upon the books. Before they had been gone long a little puff of wind came and blew all these loose drawings away, whereupon there suddenly arose a great running after the flying sheets, and scrambling to get possession of them, accompanied by shouts and outcries, and peals of laughter.

As soon as this excitement had subsided Mary went around to all the girls who



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were patiently and faithfully attending to their work, and looked over their drawing, gave them such suggestions and advice as she thought would help them, and then told them privately one by one that they had better not try to do much more. She said this first to Tirzah.

"You can't draw very well now," said she, "while all the rest are playing and making such a noise. So stop as soon as you come to a stopping-place, and put your drawing in your book and your book in a safe place, and then go and play with the rest. I have got a plan for you to finish your drawing. But it is a secret. I will tell you about it by-and-by."

Mary then went to all the other girls that were drawing, and told them the same thing.

After this she went among the other girls and said, —

"Who will give me a piece of paper? I want to make a list."

Several of the girls offered her paper. She took a piece from one of them, and went and sat down in her own seat again, and placing a book in her lap, and the

paper upon the book, she prepared to write her list.

The children all gathered around her, asking what the list was that she was going to make.

"A list of all the girls," said she, "that did not run after each other, and throw pebbles at each other, as we came along through the street."

"I did n't," "I did n't," the girls all began to say. Those who threw the stones the most called out "I did n't," as loud and as earnestly as any of the rest. Those who really did not throw any stones were silent.

"You need not tell me who did and who did n't," said Mary. "I saw at the time, and took pains to remember till I could write down the names, and I am going to write them now."

"What for?" asked one of the children.

"Not for anything very particular," said Mary. "Only it might be convenient some time for me to know the names of some of the girls that I can depend upon to obey my rules."

"You can depend upon me," said one of the girls.

"And me," "and me," said the others.

Those however who had proved by their actions that they could really be depended upon did not say a word.

Mary began at once to write the names. There were five in all. It happened curiously enough that these five were the very same as those who had gone on working industriously at their drawings until Mary recommended to them to stop.

"Put my name down," said one of the girls, after Mary had written the five.

"And mine," "and mine," said several of the other girls.

"But you did not obey the rule," said Mary. "You were to have walked along quietly, but instead of that you began racing after each other, and shouting and laughing, and pelting each other with stones. That was not obeying the rule."

"Well, we will next time."

"Yes," said the girls. "Yes, we certainly will. So put our names down."

"Well," said Mary, "I think you will, and so I will put your names down, but not in this list. I *think* you will obey the

rules we agree to the next time, but I *know* that these five will, for they did to-day. I will keep this list by itself, because I *know* about these, and I will put the other names on another list for those that I *think* will obey the rules another time."

The children of course all looked rather sober at the idea of having such a distinction made, but they could not make any reasonable objection to it, nor could they entertain any unkind feelings toward Mary for making it. She did not seem angry or out of humor with them, and of course they had no inducement to feel out of humor or angry with her.

"Understand," said she, "I don't find any fault with you for getting into a play when we were coming along. It was only play. You only meant it for fun."

"Yes," said the children, "that was all."

"And the pebbles that you threw were very little," continued Mary. "Too little to hurt anybody if they had hit them."

"Yes," said some of the children; "no bigger than that"——measuring off at the same time a very small part of the end of their little finger.

"That is all," said Mary. "They would not hurt anybody if they should hit them."

"One of them did hit me," said one of the girls.

"And I am sure it did not hurt you," said Mary.

"No," replied the girl.

"It was a very harmless kind of play," said Mary. "The only thing is that it was the wrong time and place for such a play. When we are going in order on a grand expedition is the wrong time to get into a frolic, and the street of the town is the wrong place. But you did not think of that."

The children said that they did *not* think of that, but they would all be careful to remember it the next time.

"I have no doubt you will," said Mary.

Indeed the girls were all very sincere in this determination. And I think myself that Mary's mode of managing the case was infinitely better than any kind of scolding.

"But, dear me," said Mary, as if suddenly recollecting herself, "we are forgetting our picnic."

Here the girls began at once to run to the place where they had hid away their paper parcels under the bushes, and bringing them out they sat down in little parties on the rocks and had a joyous picnic in eating the luncheons which they brought with them, making in the course of the repast a great many exchanges of bread and butter, cheese, doughnuts, and tender and juicy apples, among each other.

When the viands had all disappeared the girls threw the papers which had contained them into the stream, and stood on the bank to watch them as they floated away. Some of them made their papers into boats and launched them carefully, but they were soon borne down over little cascades by which they were capsized and filled with water, and then drifted away on their sides, or bottom upwards, drenched and water-logged, and in such a situation as to render the condition of any imaginary passengers or crew they might have contained desperate in the extreme.

Mary then formed the whole company into small parties of two or three, as they were inclined to join each other, and sent

them off at different times and by different ways, until all had gone. They all knew the way home well enough, and she thought it safer for them to go home in this way than to attempt to march them through the street again.

Indeed she could not trust them to go through the street, but she did not tell them so.

After they had all gone, Mary remained on the spot a little while, by herself alone, sitting on the rocks and watching the flow of the water. At length she set out on her return home, and had a very charming walk by a retired and romantic way. She enjoyed her walk very much, for her mind was calm, tranquil, and happy, owing in a great measure to her not having scolded the children.

When, some days after this, she gave an account of the affair to her uncle Edward, she said as she finished telling him about it, —

“The party was too large. I never mean to undertake such a large party again.”

“Oh no,” replied Mr. Edward, “don’t make that resolution. Make just the con-

trary one. Determine that you will try a larger party still, the very first opportunity."

"Why Uncle Edward!" exclaimed Mary, much surprised.

"It is a good general rule," said Mr. Edward, "not to leave any work that you undertake in the midst of a difficulty. If a boy is making a box, and in driving a nail he splits the wood because he don't know how to drive it, he must not throw down his work and leave it so, but must bore another hole, and drive another nail right, and if he does not know how to do it ask somebody to show him, and so get fully by that difficulty. Then he may give up his box if he pleases, but not before.

"So I advise you," continued Mr. Edward, "not to allow yourself to be stopped in having expeditions with children by not being able to march them in a quiet and orderly manner through the town. Try again with new precautions. If you were rather unskilful in managing such things I should advise you to try a smaller number next time, and gradually increase the number as you find you can manage them.



But I think you could manage a larger number next time. So I advise you to take the first opportunity to form a larger company than you had before, and see if you can't arrange so as to take them through the town in good order. I think you will do it, and by doing it you will have the satisfaction of thinking that you conquered the difficulty instead of letting the difficulty conquer you."

"Well," said Mary, "I believe I will."

## CHAPTER XL

## LULY'S JOURNAL.

ONE day when it was rainy and cold, Luly came out of the kitchen, where she had been playing, into the sitting-room, to see what Mary was doing. She found her seated at a table near the window painting a little picture.

"What are you doing, Mary?" she asked.

"I am painting a picture," said Mary.

"What is it for?" asked Luly.

"I am going to put it into my journal," said Mary.

"Your journal?" said Luly. "I did not know you had any journal. What is a journal?"

"It is a kind of a book," said Mary. "It is a book that I write in. I write in it anything that happens to me. And sometimes I put pictures in it. I am going to put this picture in it. Wait a few min-

utes till I have finished painting it, and then you will see my journal, while I am gumming the picture in."

So Luly waited patiently till Mary had finished the picture, and then Mary brought the journal and gummed the picture in. Luly was very much interested in watching the process. Mary also turned over the leaves of her journal, and told her what the different articles were which it already contained, for she had written several pieces in it since the first one in respect to the rules, and she had also put in one or two pictures, before the one which she was then inserting.

Luly was greatly interested in the plan of keeping a journal, especially in the pictures.

"John is keeping a journal, too," said Mary, "only he calls his a magazine."

"I think journal is the prettiest name," said Luly.

"Either of them is pretty enough," said Mary.

"Only I don't think your journal has a very pretty cover," added Luly.

"Ah, this is not the real cover," said

Mary; "this is only some paper put on to keep the book clean while we are writing it. It is going to have a prettier cover by-and-by."

"I wish I could have a journal," said Luly.

"Yes," replied Mary. "It will be an excellent plan for you to begin a journal, when you get big enough."

"But I want to keep a journal now," said Luly.

Now since Luly had not yet scarcely begun to learn to write, the reader will probably suppose that Mary would tell her she could not possibly keep a journal yet, but that she must wait till she was older. But Mary did not say so.

She knew very well that when a little child like Luly sees older children doing anything, they always wish to do the same thing, under the influence of that spirit of imitation which is so strong an impulse with all children; and that even when the thing to be done is entirely beyond their powers they are none the less pleased with attempting to do it, although a kind of make-believe imitation of it is all that they can accomplish.

So she generally let Luly try to do whatever she herself was doing, whether she thought she could succeed in it or not, — knowing that it would amuse and please her to try, and that she would besides learn something by making the attempt.

It occurred to her at once, in this case, that if she were to make Luly a book like hers, only with a smaller number of leaves in it, and allow her to try to write in it whenever she was herself writing in her journal, that Luly would be much pleased, and would, moreover, learn something about using her hand and fingers in the management of a pen, which would make it easier for her in the end to learn to write; and that no harm could possibly result, except the consumption of two or three sheets of note-paper, which she supposed that Luly would scribble over with unmeaning characters, under pretence of keeping a journal of passing events.

"I don't see *why* I could not keep a journal too," said Luly, after a short pause. "I can paint pictures to put in."

"Yes," said Mary, "you could put in the pictures, but some of the rules are rather hard to keep."

"What rules?" asked Luly.

"One is," said Mary, "to do all the writing that you put into it as well as you possibly can."

"Well," said Luly, "I will."

"Another is," said Mary, "as she went on with the work of gumming in her pictures, that you must not write very near the edge of the paper."

"Well," said Luly, "I won't."

"You will forget."

"No," said Luly; "I will put my finger on the place, — or a book or something, — and that will keep me from writing there."

"Sometimes," said Mary, "they make a guard of stiff paper just as large as the page, and with the middle of it all cut out as far as you may write, and a border all around to keep you from writing too far."

"Then you might make me a guard," said Luly.

"I could do that," said Mary; "and I have no objection to your keeping a journal with me, if mother is only willing to give some paper for me to make you one. You may go and ask her. Tell her you wish to keep a journal, too ;

and that I said that I will show you how, if she is willing to give you some paper. Three sheets will be enough, tell her."

So Luly went to her mother, and very soon returned bringing four sheets of paper, — holding them very carefully in her hand to prevent their getting tumbled.

"Ah," said Mary, "that will do nicely. Mother has given you four sheets. She must think that you are going to take a great deal of pains with your journal, and always write in it carefully, and as well as you can. I will sew the sheets into a book for you. You like a prettier cover, I suppose, than John and I have got for ours."

"No," said Luly, "I want the same kind as yours and John's."

So Mary made Luly a book, taking a piece of the same kind of paper for a cover that John had used for his and Mary's books.

She also made her a guard to protect the margins of her pages, and left one leaf for title-page, and then designated the place for her to begin, about one third the way down the third page. Luly herself was

particular that in all these respects her book should be like Mary's.

"Now," said Mary, "you can begin. "I am going to write in my journal about to-day, and you can write about to-day, too. I think you had better put in that it is a rainy afternoon. Though first you must put in the day of the month, so as to show what time your journal was begun. I will set you a copy."

So saying, Mary wrote the date upon a slip of paper in a large, plain hand, and gave it to Luly to copy into her journal, while she at the same time began to write in her own.

Luly went industriously and carefully to work, to copy the date. She succeeded very well, — that is, by careful examination you could finally make out what her writing was intended for.

"Yes," said Mary, when Luly offered it to her for her examination — "yes. That is writing. I thought you would not do anything but scribble. I think people can read that, Nov. 15, 1863. Some of the figures are quite plain. Now I will set you a copy about its being a rainy afternoon."



So Mary wrote on her slip of paper below the date, in a plain round hand, the words, —

*Rainy afternoon.*

This she gave to Luly, who began immediately with great zeal and ardor to copy it into her book.

"Mary," said Luly, stopping to look up, after she had written the first letter, "I wish we had the flag to put up while we are at work, to keep us from talking."

The reader will perhaps recollect that Mary had a plan of raising a flag as a signal of silence and attention in her drawing-class, in the play-room, during the preceding summer.

"Yes," said Mary, "I wish we had a small flag, of the right size for this room. Our play-room flag is rather too large for this room, and we can't work in our play-room any more now. It is too cold."

"I mean to ask John to give us a small flag," said Luly, "just right for this room. He has got a good many, and he can give us one just big enough. We

will have it to keep us still whenever I am writing in my journal."

"That will be a very good plan," said Mary.

So Luly resumed her writing.

After the lapse of a reasonable time, she had finished writing the two words, and she passed them over to Mary, that Mary might see what she had done. The letters were written in a somewhat straggling manner, it is true. Some were above the line, and some went down below it. Some of the letters, too, if standing alone, would be, perhaps, hardly recognizable, that is, known for what they were intended to be. Still it was plain, on looking at the whole writing, that it was meant to express the words *Rainy afternoon*.

This was doing remarkably well. For a girl who had never yet learned to write, but had only from time to time attempted a little printing, in imitation of the capital letters which she had seen in books, to be able to write two words so that they could be read, was certainly very satisfactory success.

Luly saw that Mary was quite pleased

with what she had done, and was of course much pleased too.

"And now," said Luly, "is not it time for me to put in a picture?"

"Yes," said Mary, "I think it is. There will be just room for it on that page. Go and bring your box of pictures, and look over them carefully, and choose one."

So Luly brought her box of pictures, and after carefully looking them over she chose one, but it was a great deal too large. It was almost twice as large as a whole page of her journal. Her ideas of relative magnitude were not yet very well developed.

She showed the picture to Mary.

"Yes," said Mary, looking up from her work to see the picture, "that is a pretty picture, — if it is not too large to go into your journal. Try it and see."

So Luly tried her picture very gravely, and then said it *was* too large, and asked whether she could not double it up. Mary said that they did fold up *maps* sometimes, when they were too large for the books that they were to go in, but she did not think that that was a good way with pictures in a journal.

"You had better look over your pictures again," said she, "and choose a small one, — the smallest and prettiest that you can find, — and then take a great deal of pains to paint it so as to make it a perfect little gem. For our journals we always want the dearest and prettiest little pictures that we can find."

So Luly chose a small picture, and then went to work industriously to paint it.

When she had about half finished the painting of it, she began to feel tired, — as well she might, for she had now been busily at work for nearly an hour, and she had a great mind to leave off. But just then her uncle Edward came in. He walked up to the table to see what Mary and Luly were doing. Mary and Luly both stopped working to hear what Edward would say.

"I think it is an excellent plan," said Edward, "and I think you are both succeeding very well indeed."

"Only now I am tired," said Luly; "but I suppose I must finish this picture and put it in before I stop."

"Yes," said Mary, "and I must finish the writing too that I have begun. What we begin we must always finish."

"Ah, that is a rule," said Edward, "that does not apply to writing journals. Finishing things because you have begun them, in keeping a journal, is the most dangerous thing that you can do. It causes more hurried and bad work than everything else put together. It is a great deal better always to stop as soon as you begin to feel tired, and then to put a careful and handsome finishing to your work, when you are fresh, the next time."

"Well," said Mary, "then we will put our journals away now, and finish what we have begun the next time."

So they both put the journals away for that day, leaving their work unfinished.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A SPECIMEN.

LULY was at first inclined to carry her journal, at the end of her first day's work, and show it to her mother, although there was nothing yet in it, except one date and the words "Rainy afternoon." But Mary recommended to her to wait until she should have finished the picture and put it in.

"You see," she said, "it will look much prettier, and more like a journal, when the picture is finished and put in."

So Luly concluded to wait till the next afternoon that she and Mary worked upon their journals, when she would finish the picture and gum it in, and then would write a little more in it, before showing it to her mother.

"And what shall I write next?" she asked.

"How would it do," said Mary, "to

write something under the picture, to tell people what it is about?"

"Yes," said Luly, "I should like to do that."

"What is the picture about?" asked Mary.

"It is some horses standing in the water and drinking."

"Very well," said Mary, "put that in. Write under the picture, Horses drinking. I will set you a copy."

So Mary set her a copy, in a plain round hand, thus, —

*Horses drinking.*

And Luly copied it with great care, and then wanted to know what she should put in next.

"Next," said Mary, "you must put in an account of anything that has happened to you to-day. Think what you have done, or what has happened to you to-day."

"I have not done anything in particular," said Luly, trying to think; "and there has not anything happened to me."

I had a good time sliding this morning, but there did not anything happen."

"That is just the thing to put in," said Mary, "that you had a good time sliding. I will set you the copy."

So Mary wrote the words, *Had a good time sliding*, upon a slip of paper, and gave it to Luly to copy into her journal.

It was about this time too that Mary introduced the plan of giving Luly what she called a *trial-paper*, which was a loose piece of paper that she could have always at hand to try any new or difficult letter upon, before she attempted to make it in her journal.

"If you make the letter two or three times on your trial-paper," said she, "till you learn to make it pretty well, then you will make it much more easily and better in your journal, and your journal will look a great deal nicer. Only it makes you more trouble."

"Never mind," said Luly; "I am going to make my journal look as nice as I can."

Luly spent so much time in writing the letters of her lesson upon her trial-paper, and took so much pains with what she



wrote in her journal, that when she had written the four words, "Had a good time," Mary said that it was time for her to stop. She had written enough for one time, she said, and that she herself was going to stop too.

The next day Luly finished the entry in her journal which she had begun before, and then took it to show to her mother.

Mrs. Gay was very much pleased with the journal. She told Mary that she was doing a great deal of good by encouraging and helping her little sister to do such a thing.

"By-and-by," said Mrs. Gay, "Luly will grow tired of her journal for a while, and will get engaged in something else, and then" —

"Oh, no, mother," said Luly, "I shall not get tired of it at all."

"You may, possibly," said her mother; "and if you do, I wish you would bring the journal to me and let me keep it for you until you feel like taking it up again."

The truth was that Mrs. Gay thought that as Luly had begun her journal so well, and on so good a system, it was

barely possible that she might continue it, with interruptions more or less frequent and more or less prolonged, from year to year, as she grew up and improved in her writing and in her general mental culture, and that as fast as one book was finished and another begun, she — that is, her mother — might preserve the finished ones until there should be enough to put together and have bound in a volume, and that such a book would be very valuable to Luly in future years as a memorial of her childhood, and a record of her progress in education and mental development.

To accomplish this plan more completely she thought it would be well to have a record of Luly's age at the beginning of the book, to show how young she was when she commenced it. So she said, —

“I like the journal very much, only I think it would be an improvement to put Luly's name and age at the beginning of it.”

“Yes,” said Mary, “I did not think of that.”

“You might write it under the word journal, on the first page. There is room enough. Luly Gay, six years old.”

So saying, Mrs. Gay pointed to the place where she thought the name ought to be written.

The next time, accordingly, Luly wrote her name and age on the line which her mother pointed out, and soon afterward she brought the journal again to show to her mother. It was as follows, so far as she had written, — only her writing was of course not nearly as good as it is printed here : —

*Journal.*

*Luly Gay, 6 years old.*

— o —

*Nov. 15, 1863.*

*Rainy afternoon.*

[PICTURE.]

*Horses drinking.*

— o —

*Nov. 18.*

*Had a good time sliding.*

[PICTURE.]

*Boy and kite.*

— o —

*Nov. 20.*  
*New paint-box.*  
*Three brushes.*

[PICTURE.]

*Painted from my new paint-box.*

This is all that Luly had put in her journal the second time that she showed it to her mother. Afterward, however, she gradually improved in writing, and could write much more easily than at first, and could write much longer pieces. At last she made so much improvement that she could write without requiring Mary to set her a copy, except that now and then she would ask her to make some particular letter for her upon her trial-paper, when she had forgotten exactly what the form of it was.

At last finding that Mary was putting other things in her journal besides what happened personally to herself, Luly felt a desire to do so too. She expressed this desire to Mary.

"Very well," said Mary. "What would you like to put in?"

"A riddle," said Luly. "I think I should like a riddle best."

"Well," said Mary, "I will see if I can't make you up one."

So Mary made a riddle up for her,—a double one, as she called it,—and Luly copied it into her journal as follows,—

*One thing has legs, but cannot walk;  
And one a tongue, but cannot talk.*

Luly could not guess this riddle, and so Mary had to tell her the answer, and when she knew the answer she thought it was a very good riddle indeed.

"Shall I write the answer under it?" asked Luly.

"If you do," said Mary, "that won't give people time to guess. How would you like to draw pictures of the answers under the riddle? and then people won't know at first what the pictures are for, till they guess the riddle, and then they will see."

"Well," said Luly, looking very much pleased, "if you think I can."

"Oh yes," said Mary, "you can, I am sure. I will set you a copy."

So Mary took the pen, in order to make the picture of the answers, but before she began she looked up again to Luly and said, —

“ Would you make the bell *on* the table, or by the side of it ? ”

“ On it,” said Luly.

“ Yes,” said Mary, “ I think that will be better.”

So Mary made a simple outline drawing of a table with a bell upon it, and Luly copied it into her book, underneath the riddle.

## CHAPTER XIII

KATE AND JULIA.

AND here, before going on any farther with the story, I will take the opportunity to say that the idea which Mrs. Gay conceived when she first saw Luly's journal, namely, that she might continue to keep it, though perhaps with occasional interruptions, during all the years of her childhood, and so onward until she was a young lady, was fully realized. It is true that Luly often lost her interest in her journal for a time, and sometimes all writing in it was discontinued for several months, during which interval Luly's thoughts would become engrossed with other plans. Whenever Mrs. Gay found that the interest which the children took in their journals was beginning to decline, as the interest of children in all their plans will, she never said anything to stimulate or revive it, but rather encouraged them

to lay the work aside for a while, in order that they might never become *very* tired of-it, knowing well that if they were not allowed to get very tired they would come back to it with fresh interest after a proper interval of rest.

At one time, for instance, during the next spring after the journals were first commenced, and the warm pleasant weather was beginning to come on, Mrs. Gay, of her own accord, recommended to them both to lay aside their journals during the warm weather.

"If anything very remarkable happens," said she, "that you wish to write, then you can take your books out and write it; but otherwise I would let them lie and rest. Let them have a vacation. Poor things! They ought to have a vacation, and you can let them come a-visiting to me."

The idea of giving the journals a vacation seemed a charming one to Luly's fancy, and Mary joined in it very readily too. So they both brought their books to their mother, and she put them away in a very pleasant and pretty drawer, near a bright window, where she said she thought



they would enjoy their vacation as well as they could anywhere.

Mrs. Gay kept Luly's books there, together with several others which had previously been filled, — for by this time she had written through two or three of the books, — nearly all summer, and though she brought them out one rainy day in the middle of the summer, to let Luly and Mary look at them, she did not propose that they should write in them at all, but put them back again safely in their places.

The consequence was that when the fall came, with its cold and stormy days, Luly began to be greatly interested in her journal again, and during that winter she and Mary wrote through a number of books.

In the course of two years Luly had written books enough to make a volume, if they were bound together. Mary had by this time written enough for *two* volumes, and had tied them up in two bundles, ready to go to the binder's.

One day when Mrs. Gay returned from the city, she brought with her a parcel which she said was for Luly. It looked like a book put up nicely in wrapping-

paper. Luly opened the book, and there she found, to her great surprise, her journals bound handsomely in a volume. The back and covers were of green morocco, very prettily gilded. It had the title JOURNAL on the back, near the top, in gilt letters, and Vol. I. below. Luly admired the book very much.

"I thought at first," said Mrs. Gay, "that I would have the back of morocco and the sides of marbled paper, which would have been cheaper; but on the whole, as morocco will wear much better and keep nice a great deal longer, I thought I would have it all morocco."

"Yes, mother," said Luly, "I like it a great deal better so."

On opening the book Luly found that it looked extremely pretty within. The writing in it was all neat and plain, and the pictures embellished it very much. There was a neat margin around every page, and little false leaves of white paper, enough to make up in the back for the increased thickness occasioned by the pictures that were put in.

Sometimes, it is true, in keeping her

journal Luly had made mistakes and blots. Such accidents will sometimes happen even to the most careful persons. But on the plan which Edward recommended, namely, of writing the journals in separate small books, made by sewing sheets of paper together, mistakes of this kind are very easily remedied, by simply taking out the leaf, and also the corresponding one on the other side of the folding, and then, if necessary, putting in a fresh and clean one in its place.

This, it is true, causes some little trouble, for you have to sew your book together again, but when this is done the evil is remedied entirely, and the book is just as good as if the mistake or the blot had not been made. Whereas in a book already bound there is no way of taking out a leaf without injuring the book, more or less, forever.

Luly went on with her journal until she became a young lady, and when at last she was married and had a house of her own, she put the volumes all in a row — beautifully bound in green and gold — in a little private book case which she kept in

the favorite corner of her bed-room, near a very pleasant window.

She used sometimes to show them to particular friends who came to visit her. One day when she was showing them to a little child, the daughter of an intimate friend of hers who came to visit her, she turned to the beginning of the first book, and showed her the words *Rainy afternoon*, and the other things written there, saying, —

“ See : I began them when I was a little girl.”

“ Yes,” said her friend, taking the book and looking at the writing, “ and a very careful little girl you must have been.”

But all this is a digression, and a very wide digression too — telling about the time when Luly was married ! I must return to my story.

And here however I must admit that the plan of keeping a journal, though a very good one in general, does not always succeed as well as it did in the case of Mary and Luly, — for Mary too had her journals bound and carried on the work through several volumes. For example, there was

a girl named Kate who had a little sister Julia. Kate was of about Mary's age, and Julia was of Luly's. One day when Kate was making a visit at Mrs. Gay's, Mary showed her some of the numbers of her journal, and she determined to begin one too.

So she went home and got some paper, and sewed it into a book. Her sister Julia, seeing her doing it, wished to have a journal too.

"Oh, no, Julia," said Kate, "you are not half old enough."

"Yes," replied Julia. "Luly has got a journal, and she keeps it very well. I am older than she is."

"Oh, no, Julia, you are just the same age."

"No," said Julia, "I am older."

"How much?" asked Kate. "It is only about a week."

"No matter," said Julia; "a week is older."

"And then, besides," said Kate, "you are not so careful a girl as Luly is, and you won't take so much pains."

"Yes," said Julia, "I am going to take as much pains as I possibly can."

"Well," said Kate, "I'll make you a book, but I am sure it won't do any good. You are not old enough nor careful enough to keep a journal."

Now Kate was a very good-natured girl, and was always willing to help her little sister, but it was unfortunate that she did not know how to help her in the right way. If a girl is going to do a thing for her sister at all, she ought to do it willingly and at once, and not spoil the favor by bestowing it so reluctantly and unwillingly, and with so much complaining and fault-finding.

Kate made a book for Julia at the same time that she made one for herself.

"There," said she, giving her the book, "there's your book, and there's a pen. Now you have got all you need, and I am going to begin my journal and you must not disturb me."

So Kate began to write, and Julia, drawing up a chair, made preparations to write too; but pretty soon, after hesitating a moment as if she was unwilling to interrupt her sister, and then speaking in a very gentle tone, she said, —

"My chair is not high enough, Katy."

"Then you must get a book and put it in it," said Kate.

So Julia got down from her chair and went to the bookcase, and opened the doors of it, and then, after standing there a moment, she said, speaking again in a very low and timid manner, —

"I can't reach up to the big books, Katy."

"Oh, Julia," said Kate, "you keep interrupting me all the time. How do you think I can ever write in my journal if you keep interrupting me so?"

So saying, Kate went to the bookcase and took down a big dictionary and put it in Julia's chair, and then lifted Julia up and set her upon it.

"There," said she, "now I hope you are all ready, and won't trouble me any more."

Julia opened her book and placed it in the right position before her, and then dipped her pen into the inkstand and prepared to write.

But as she did not know at all how to write, she did not see what she could do. She waited for some minutes, quite at a

loss, and she ventured to say timidly to Kate, —

“ If you would just tell me what is the first letter, then I could begin.”

“ The first letter in journal ? ” said Kate. “ It is J. You must begin with a J.”

So Julia tried to remember how a J was made, and then attempted to make it. Of course she did not succeed very well. She was convinced that she could not go on without a copy. Luly had a copy, she knew, and she thought that she ought to have one.

So presently she ventured to speak to Kate again.

“ Could not you leave off long enough, Kate, to set me a copy ? ”

“ Oh, Julia,” said Kate, “ you keep making me leave off all the time. I told you you were not old enough to keep a journal. It is of no use for anybody to try to keep a journal before they know how to write. I could not keep a journal myself if I did not know how to write.”

“ I could get along very well,” said Julia, “ if I only had a copy. Luly always has a copy.”



"Well," said Kate, "what sort of a copy do you want?"

So she took a small piece of paper, and prepared to write a copy upon it.

"Do you want your copy the same as Luly's first one, or different?"

"I would rather have it different," said Julia.

"Then I will make it different," said Kate; "I will make it as different as I can."

So, after thinking a minute, she concluded that, as Luly's first entry in her journal was "Rainy afternoon," she would make Julia's "Stormy day," — especially as it was in fact a stormy day at the time when they were commencing their work.

"There," said she, "there's your copy, — 'Stormy day.' That is as different as I can make it, and have it true. You must be very careful and make all the letters come right on the lines. The S must reach up to the line, above, and the t must go up half-way. And all the other letters must keep just along on the line. I don't mean the upper line, but the lower one — no, I mean the middle one, for the y goes down to the lower one. You must be very care-

ful to make them all right on the lines, or else the writing won't look well at all."

So Julia took her copy and went to her work again, but when she looked upon the page, and saw so many blue lines, they seemed to her to be all in confusion. She could not tell which was the upper line and which the lower. Indeed there did not seem to be any upper or lower lines; they all seemed to be middle ones, and the more Julia looked at them, and attempted to separate them in her mind, so as to distinguish one from the other, the more confused she became.

She began her work, however, and went on as well as she could, but it was very difficult for her. When she looked at the copy and tried to follow it exactly in imitating the forms of the letters, she forgot about the lines; and when she looked at the lines and tried to pay attention to them, then she got the forms of the letters wrong. Still she went on as well as she could, and when at last she came to the end of the two words, she showed her book to Kate.

Kate looked at it a moment in silence, and then said, —

“ Well, Julia, I suppose you have done the best you could, but I don’t believe anybody could tell what the words were meant for. Beside, you have not kept to the lines at all. And you don’t know how to make the letters right. It is of no use for you to try to keep a journal till you know how to write. I should think you might write better than *that* even now, when you have the copy before you and lines to guide. Why could not you make the letters like the copy, and keep to the lines? ”

This was extremely unreasonable on the part of Kate. She did not mean to be unjust, but she was not aware how difficult it is for a child like Julia to do such work for the first time. The first attempt of such a child to copy written letters and words is very much such an undertaking for her as it would be for her older sister or her mother to copy Chinese characters from a tea-chest with her left hand. Think of a person trying to do that, and then carrying her work to a Chinaman, and the Chinaman expecting to find it good Chinese writing!

He ought not to expect any such thing, and if he was a sensible Chinaman he would not look to see whether it was good writing; but only whether it was a good *first attempt*.

So when your little brothers and sisters are beginning to draw, or to write, and come and bring you their work, do not be so foolish as to expect good writing or good drawing, nor so cruel as to show them that you are dissatisfied with their work, because you do not find it. Expect only good *attempts*, — that is, look only for signs of their having tried carefully and patiently to imitate their copy. If they have, tell them they have done well. If they have done as well as they could, they *have* done well, and deserve commendation, and that will encourage them to persevere.

Of course Julia soon became dissatisfied about her journal, and gave it up. She found, as she said, that she “could not do it,” unless Kate would help her, and as Kate would not help her it was of no use for her to try any more.

Nor did Kate herself succeed much better. She gave it to Julia as one reason why she could not attend to her, that she was in a hurry to "catch up" with Mary Gay, who had already written several pages of her journal before Kate began hers.

So she hurried to "catch up," being more anxious all the time to get fast over the pages than to do the work well. The result was that she soon became very much dissatisfied with her work, and when she came to see Mary's again she was more dissatisfied than ever. She finally gave up the plan, tore out and burnt all the pages which she had written, and put the rest of her book away among loose papers in a drawer.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE LOST BALL.

ONE day, late in the fall, Mary was engaged in drawing a lesson in perspective. She had a pretty large sheet of paper before her, and also a ruler, a pair of compasses, and what is called a scale of equal parts. Mr. Edward, who had just come in, stopped to look at her work a few minutes, and then asked where Luly was.

Mary said that she was out on the grounds, playing with Lucy Jane, her cousin, who has come to make her a visit.

"At least they *were* playing," said Mary, "but they have got into some kind of a difficulty about a ball, and I have not time to go out and settle it. I don't know which is right."

The case was this. Mary had made the children two balls, exactly alike. The covering of the balls was of red cotton velvet. Mary had ingeniously obtained a

pattern for the gores from one of the sections of the peelings of an orange, which she had taken off by means of cuttings running in the direction of meridians, from pole to pole of the orange.

She made six of these gores in all, and from one of them she cut a paper pattern, for the gores of the velvet, which were to form the covering of the balls.

She sewed these gores together, leaving a small opening, through which she introduced enough cotton wool to fill the balls, and afterward sewed the opening up. She gave one of these balls to each of the children. They were chiefly intended to play with in the house, but as on that day the ground was everywhere warm and dry, the children had taken them out of doors.

After playing with them there a while, one of the balls was missing, but whose ball it was, and which of them lost it, they could not tell. Luly was confident that she did not lose it, and that the ball which remained was her ball. Lucy Jane, on the other hand, was still more confident that she did not lose it, and that the other ball was hers.

Now, as the balls had been made exactly alike, it was very difficult for Mary to settle the question which thus arose. So after hearing all that both had to say, and making a great many inquiries, she found herself entirely at a loss how to decide.

So she told them that they must go out and make one more thorough search,—both together,—to see if they could not possibly find the lost ball.

“If they can’t,” said Mary, as she finished her account of the affair to her uncle Edward, “I don’t know what I shall do. I can’t stop to make them another ball, and I can’t find out to which of them the one they have got belongs.

“There is one pretty easy way, when children are in a dispute,” said Mr. Edward, “to find out which one is in the wrong. See which is most willing to give up. It will generally be the other that is in the wrong.”

“Why, Uncle Edward,” said Mary, “the one that is in the wrong ought to be the one most ready to give up.”

“It ought to be so,” said Mr. Edward, “but it very seldom is. The one who is in



the wrong is the one that is most selfish, while the one that is most ready to give up is the one that is most unselfish and generous; and that is not the one that is likely to have been most in the wrong in the quarrel."

"Let us try it now," said Mary; "I hear them coming in."

As Mary said this, the door opened, and the children came in, saying, that they had looked carefully everywhere, and that the ball was nowhere to be found.

"Then," said Mr. Edward, "I don't know what we can do unless one of you should be willing to give up. If either of you is willing to give up, then the other will have the ball, and you can go out to play again; only the one who gives up will not have any ball at all, but will have to play with the other's, if she will let her."

The girls both looked rather serious at first on hearing this proposal, but at length Luly said, —

"Well, Lucy Jane, I'll give up and you may have the ball. So let us go out and play."

They accordingly went out to play, and when they were gone, Mr. Edward said he had very little doubt that it was Lucy Jane's ball that was lost.

"Because," said he, "the same spirit of generosity which leads Luly to be willing to give up her claim to the remaining ball, would prevent her laying claim to it, in the first instance, unless she was very confident that it was hers."

This opinion of Mr. Edward's proved to be correct, for after remaining some time with Mary and giving her the instruction that she needed about her drawing, he said he would go out to where the children were playing, and see if he could not find the lost ball.

So he went out. He found the children playing together very good-naturedly with the one ball. He asked them where they lost the other ball. They could not tell anything about it. They were playing, they said, sometimes with one ball, and sometimes with both, until at last one was missing, and they could not find it anywhere.

Mr. Edward, on the supposition that it

was Lucy Jane who lost her ball, asked her particularly where she had stood when she was playing, and which way she threw the ball; and he walked about with her, looking over the ground everywhere where she had been. She went with him and looked too, though she repeated continually that she was *sure* it was not she that lost the ball.

While Mr. Edward was doing this, and he and Lucy Jane were looking down together, near a little tuft of shrubbery, his eye was caught by the appearance of a slight protuberance or appearance of swelling in Lucy Jane's frock, on the side, at about the place where her pocket would be likely to be.

"Ah!" said he, "what's that?"

Lucy Jane put her hand in her pocket, and apparently to her great amazement she pulled out the ball.

"Here it is!" said she. "I remember now, I put it in my pocket."

"And now you can give me back my ball," said Luly; for Lucy Jane had Luly's ball all the time in her other hand.

"Yes," said she; "here it is."

She looked for a moment a little ashamed and confused, especially as neither Mr. Edward nor Luly said anything to reproach or to triumph over her.

Under these circumstances you would have expected that she would at once have honorably acknowledged her fault, in claiming Luly's ball so positively, when she was not at all entitled to it. But she did not. She waited a moment in silence, and then said, —

“ Well! I was sure I did not *lose* the ball; I put it in my pocket on purpose not to lose it.”

## CHAPTER XV.

## TRAINING.

It was Mr. Edward who first taught Mary how to make up stories to amuse children. She learned at last to do it very well, so that the children liked to hear her stories very much.

It was one pleasant afternoon in summer, when Mr. Edward was in the garden, training some trees upon a trellis, that he first explained to her how to do this. There was a little girl there named Jane, and she and Mary and Luly were walking about the garden, when Luly proposed that they should all go to Mr. Edward and ask him to tell them a story while he was training up the tree.

"No," said Mr. Edward, after hearing Luly's request, "I can't do that very well, for when I am training a tree I am obliged to think about my work. But there's

Mary; she can tell you and Jane some stories, just as well as not."

"But I don't think I know any stories," said Mary.

"You must make them up," said Mr. Edward.

"I don't know how to make up stories," said Mary.

"I'll tell you how you can make up one," said Mr. Edward. "Imagine that some pleasant afternoon in the summer you could have an excursion to go anywhere you pleased, and could have everything you wished for, and then let there be a girl, — you can call her Rosalinda, if you like, — and let her do and have just those things. Go and sit down on the seat in the summer-house and begin. Say, 'Once there was a girl named Rosalinda, and she thought one summer afternoon that she would like to have an excursion. So the horses and the carriage came to the door,' —

"And so go on," continued Mr. Edward, "until you have made up a long story."

"Well," said Jane, "come, Mary, let us do it."

"Let us wait a few minutes first," said Luly, "and see Uncle Edward train the tree."

So they all remained a few minutes to watch the operation. The tree was growing against a kind of trellis which Mr. Edward had set up behind it. He had a small open box on the ground, by the side of him, like what is called a knife-box. It was divided by a thin partition in the middle, and the partition was formed into a kind of handle at the top by having an opening cut in it which you could put your hand through, and so lift the box and carry it about.

The partition divided the box into two parts, longitudinally, that is lengthwise. In these divisions were the tools and implements and materials which Mr. Edward used when he was training plants or trees. In one side there was a hammer, a pruning-knife, and a small saw that would shut up like a knife. On the other side of the partition the space was divided into small compartments, which contained tacks and small nails of various sizes, and little strips of cloth and leather. There was also a ball

of twine in the box, and a coil of what is called binding-wire.

The tree which Mr. Edward was training was an apple-tree. It grew in a narrow border which extended between the grand alley of the garden and a narrow path which ran parallel to it and separated it from what is called the *quarter*, that is the ground appropriated to the substantial cultivation. The border was filled with flowers and shrubbery, and was designed to form an ornamental margin to the great alley.

The tree grew in the middle of this border. The branches had been carried off to each side on the trellis, in a very regular manner; each one had been bent into the place where Mr. Edward wished it to grow while it was young, though many of them had now become very large and stout. The branches spread upon the trellis about as far as Mr. Edward could reach with his two arms, if he stood in the middle, where the stem of the tree came up out of the ground, and the tops of them were about as high as his head.

Mr. Edward was now at work training



the new shoots which had grown during the past summer into the positions which he wished them to take and keep in the growing of the next summer. The children stood by, looking on.

"Uncle Edward," said Luly, "can we ask you questions while you are at work?"

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Edward, "I can answer questions, though I cannot tell a story very well."

Mr. Edward was usually willing to answer questions about his work even when he was quite busy; and one reason why it did not interrupt him to do this was because he never attempted in such cases to give any but short and simple answers. This is the best way. Most people, when they are answering children's questions, try to explain too much, and so make their answers too long; and this makes it more difficult and perplexing to them, and to the children too, who much prefer short and simple answers which teach them only a little at a time.

If you try this plan, when little children ask you questions, I think you will find it so.

"Uncle Edward," said Luly, "what are you making this tree grow in such a shape as that for?"

"Because I want it to be a flat tree," said Mr. Edward. "You see it grows in a narrow border, and if I were to let the branches grow out in front and behind they would be in the way of the alley or of the path. But there is plenty of room for them to grow each side, and so I am training all the side-branches to grow out straight, and I cut off all that are coming out too far in front or behind."

Sometimes Mr. Edward gave a pretty long answer, like this, to the questions which the children asked him, but not often.

"Then what made you plant an apple-tree in such a place as this, where there was not room for it to grow?"

"I did not plant it," said Mr. Edward.

"Who did plant it then?" asked Luly.

"I don't think anybody planted it," replied Mr. Edward. "I think it grew up of itself."

"What! without any seed?" asked Luly.

"No," replied Mr. Edward. "An apple-tree cannot come up of itself without any seed."

"Then how came the seed there?" asked Luly, "if nobody planted it."

"Perhaps somebody was eating an apple and threw one of the seeds down," said Mr. Edward; "or perhaps a bird dropped it, carrying it home to her young ones."

"Do birds eat apple-seeds?" asked Luly.

"They eat some kinds of seeds," said Mr. Edward. "It might have been a squirrel."

The truth was that John Gay planted this seed, three years before, without knowing it. He was eating a large rosy apple in the garden, and when he had finished it he threw the core down into the border, where it lay all the fall. Late in the fall two field-mice came along and gnawed the core to pieces, and carried off nearly all the seeds. Three or four of them, however, remained upon the ground, and the next spring they sprouted and grew. When the gardener came to weed the border he saw these little apple-pips.

"Ah!" said he, "here are some little apple-trees coming up. I will leave the biggest and best for Mary. She may like to take it up and set it out in some of her little gardens."

Mary however did not do this, and so the little tree which the gardener had saved remained all summer in the border, and grew up to be about a foot high from the ground.

Mr. Edward happened to see it there in the fall, and he determined to train it as an *espalier* tree, as they call it,—that is to bend out the branches *laterally*, which means sidewise, and to prevent any from growing toward the front or back, so as to make it perfectly flat, and thus confine it to the width of the border.

"You can do almost anything with a tree," said Mr. Edward, "if you watch it as it grows, and bend the twigs while they are young and tender, just as you wish the tree to be formed when it becomes large."

"Can we?" asked Luly.

"Men can," said Mr. Edward, "but children cannot."

"Is it because we are not strong enough to bend the branches?" asked Mary.

Mary had been listening very attentively to the conversation, though she had not spoken before.

"Oh no," replied Mr. Edward. "It is very easy to bend the twigs when they are so young and tender."

"Then why cannot we do it," asked Mary, "as well as men?"

"Children are not far-sighted enough," replied Mr. Edward. "They can't look forward. When they undertake to do anything they wish to have it done right off at once. They can't take any interest in beginning a work that is going to last a good many years. A good many years seems to them like forever."

"It does not seem like forever to me," said Luly.

"Then you are an exception," said Mr. Edward. "There are some exceptions. I knew some boys once that trained an elm so as to have a kind of summer-house in it."

"What! Up in the tree?" asked Mary.

"Yes," said Mr. Edward. "They found a tall and slender elm which was growing up in their father's grounds. When they

began their training the tree was about twice as high as a man's head. All they did the first year was to cut the top off. This made it throw out that year a good many little branches close to the place where it had been cut off. That fall they chose four of these branches, and cut the rest away. These four branches they carried off horizontally, that is on a level, and made them grow so for two or three years, till they made pretty large branches, each about five feet long. Then they let the ends turn and go up.

"These ends of course were like four trees, growing out from the ends of four great branches. When the four horizontal branches had grown to be pretty thick and strong the boys had also grown to be young men, and they contrived to lay a floor over the four great horizontal branches, and to make steps leading up to it; and where the ends of the branches turned up they trained the boughs which grew out from them in such a way as to meet each other and form a shade all around the platform and overhead; and thus in the end they had a very pretty bower up in the tree."

"I should like to do that," said Mary, "if I were a boy. If I could find the right kind of tree on our grounds, I would get Cousin John to help me, and I would begin."

There were a great many other curious things, Mr. Edward said, might be done with trees, by pruning and training them, all which he explained to the children while he was engaged in his work.

He told them about a boy who set a big post in the ground, very near a small tree which he found growing, and then wound the tree, while it was young and flexible, round and round the post in a spiral line, and after letting it grow so a year or two he contrived to get the stake out, and so the tree when it grew large had a stem like a corkscrew.

He also told them of a way of making a living wigwam, by planting slender young trees in a circle of the right diameter, and then bending the tops over and tying them together in the centre; and also training the lower branches toward each other, in such a way as to complete the enclosure of the interior.

"Of course," he added, "the space between two of the stems must be left open for a door."

There were many other plans which Mr. Edward described, of curious things which might be done with trees. He said to do such things required but very little work, and generally no *hard* work at all, but only a great deal of patience to allow time for the trees to grow.

"And patient waiting," he added, "is just what children find it the hardest to do. So I do not advise you to attempt to make any such experiments; though of course you can if you please."

When at length Mr. Edward had concluded his work he put his tools all properly in their places in the training-box, and went away; and then Jane renewed her request that Mary would go to the summer-house and tell them the story.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## STORIES.

FOLLOWING the directions which her uncle Edward had given her, Mary began her story by saying,—

“Once there was a girl, and her name was Rosalinda. She thought one afternoon” —

“One *summer* afternoon,” said Jane, correcting her. “Mr. Edward said it was a summer afternoon.”

“That’s no matter,” replied Mary. “This is a story that I am going to make up, and I can have it summer or winter, just as I please. I believe I will have it winter, and then it will be so much the more all my story.”

This was an excellent idea of Mary’s.

“It was a pretty cold winter day,” continued Mary, “but the sun was very bright and pleasant. So she thought she would go and take a sleigh-ride. Her father had

two beautiful black horses,—no, ponies they were—just large enough for her brother to harness, and a beautiful little sleigh, with one seat forward, for her brother to sit upon to drive, and a seat for two behind, just large enough for her and her cousin. Her cousin's name was Rose.

"The ponies came all prancing to the door, for they were very spirited, but her brother could manage them perfectly well."

"What was his name?" asked Luly.

"Charles," replied Mary, "and a very nice boy he was. He drove first to Rose's house. She was all ready, and she came and took her seat by the side of Rosalinda. They had a hot plank on the floor of the sleigh, to keep their feet warm."

"That was nice," said Luly.

"Then they set off," continued Mary. "After they had gone a little way they came to a wood. The road through the wood was hard and smooth, and it was wide enough to make plenty of room to turn out. Once they met a load of hay, but the ponies went right on by it at full speed, without changing from their trot."

Just at this moment the children heard a

kind of singing call at the garden, which they at once recognized as Benny's voice, and on looking up they saw Benny coming.

"Now here comes Benny," said Luly, speaking in quite a mournful tone, "and he will interrupt us."

But Benny did not interrupt them, for when Luly told him that they were listening to a story, and that he must not disturb them, he sat down and began to listen too.

"They are taking a sleigh-ride," said Luly, "and have got as far as into the woods."

"The snow was hanging on the branches of the firs and evergreens," said Mary, continuing her story, "and looked beautiful. After a time they came down to the shore of a pond where a great many boys and girls were skating. At the shore of the pond there was a small house where an old woman lived who kept pies, and cakes, and milk, and lemonade, and candy, to sell. So they thought they would stop there awhile, and warm themselves.

"There was a little barn there, just

large enough for the ponies and the sleigh. Charles put the ponies into the barn, while Rose and Rosalinda went into the house.

"There was a very large fireplace in the room, with a great stone hearth. The old woman was very glad to see Rose and Rosalinda coming, and she helped them take off their things, and then put two very nice and comfortable chairs for them by the fire. Then she began to set the table for them. They had two beautiful little kittens to play with while she was setting the table.

"She put some very nice cakes, just baked, and some apple turnovers, very plump and full of apple, upon the table, and a pitcher of very rich milk. She had some large baked apples too, with cream and sugar to put on them,—though the apples were very sweet already.

"Pretty soon Charles came in, and then, after they were all well warned, they sat up at the table and ate all those nice things.

"After that they thought they would go out on the pond and skate a little while. So they left the ponies in the stable, and went out on the pond."

"Where did they get their skates?" asked Luly.

"I forgot to say," replied Mary, "that they took their skates with them when they set out from home. There were a great many boys and girls on the pond already, and they knew almost all of them.

"The boys on the pond had two great fires too, and they were bringing more wood from the shores, on their sleds, to make the fires bigger. They would skate up near the shores, and pull the sticks out from under the snow, and pile them on the sleds, and then take hold of the sleds and run with them over the ice to the fires.

"Rose and Rosalinda and Charles skated about with the rest for more than an hour. Then they took off their skates and went back into the old woman's cabin again."

"Was it a cabin?" asked Luly.

"Yes," replied Mary, "it was a kind of a cabin,—or at least a very small house. They warmed themselves and dried their feet at the great fireplace, and then ate some more baked apples and cream. When they were all ready, Charles harnessed the ponies into the sleigh, and then they all came home."

"And that's the end of the story."

"That was a good story," said Luly.  
"I like that story very much. And now it is your turn, Jane."

"Oh no," said Jane, "*I* could not make up a story."

"Oh yes, you could," said Mary, "if you were to try. Think of a name for a girl, and then think of something you would like to do, and then make a story of her doing it."

Jane looked quite diffident, but still she was willing to try, so she began, —

"Once there was a girl, and her name was — was — I can't think of any name."

"Caroline," suggested Mary; "you might call her Caroline."

"Well, her name was Caroline," said Jane. "One day Caroline thought she would go and take a ride, and she" —

Here Jane began to hang her head and look a little confused.

"And she — No, I can't do it." And so saying, Jane put her hands to her face, jumped down off the seat and ran away, overwhelmed with confusion.

"Never mind," said Mary. "You can

take your turn now, Luly, and perhaps Jane will try again by-and-by."

So Luly began, —

"Once there was a girl, and her name was Miranda."

"Wait a minute," said Mary, "till Jane comes back."

Then calling to Jane, Mary told her that Luly was going to tell a story, and that she had better come and hear it. So Jane came back and took her seat in the summer-house again.

"There was a girl," said Luly, resuming her story, "and her name was Miranda, and she had two dolls."

"I can let her have some dolls, can't I?" she asked, interrupting herself in her story, and looking up to Mary.

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "certainly. You can let her have anything you please."

"She had two dolls," said Luly, continuing her story. "She played that one of them was her child and the other was the nurse. The nurse's name was Dorothy, and the child's name was Helen."

"Don't you think that Helen is a pretty name?" she asked, interrupting herself again in her story, and looking up to Mary.

"Yes, it is a very pretty name," said Mary.

"Miranda's dolls," said Luly, resuming her story, "could speak and walk and eat, and do everything just like real people. She had a house too for them to live in, built in the garden, and a little carriage and two horses just big enough to take Helen and the nurse out to ride around the garden-walks, and a little stable to keep the horses in, and a coachman to take care of the horses and drive the carriage. That makes three dolls instead of two, for the coachman was a kind of a doll.

"So one day Miranda was sitting in the summer-house sewing, and Helen was playing in the path, pretty near, and Helen asked her mother if she might take a ride in the carriage, and her mother said yes. She told Dorothy to take Helen into the house and to put on her prettiest dress, and to tell the coachman to harness the horses and bring them round to the door.

"So Dorothy took Helen into the dolls' house, and began to get her ready. Pretty soon the carriage came round to the door, and then Dorothy and Helen came down



the steps and got in. Helen had a very pretty little green parasol in her hands, just big enough for her. The coachman had a little whip. The horses set off, and the coachman cracked his whip and made them trot very fast, and so Helen went riding all about the garden, while Miranda sat in the summer-house at her work all the time, only she looked up very often to see the carriage go.

“And that is the end of the story.”

“That is a beautiful story,” said Jane. “I wish *I* had such a doll as that, — and a carriage, and horses, and coachman, and all.”

“So do I,” said Luly.

“Now let *me* tell a story,” said Benny.

So Benny began very eagerly to tell his story. It was about a boy that had a railroad on his father's grounds, with cars just large enough for him to get into. He had a little locomotive that went with real steam, and a depot, with great piles of little wood, and a tank for water, and a bell on the engine, complete. The rails were laid on a track extending for about a quarter of a mile. There was a very nice pas-

senger-car, and the boy, whose name Benny said was Ferguson, used to let the other children come to his depot, and there get tickets at a little ticket-office that he had, and then, when he called out **ALL ABOARD!** they would get into the passenger-car, and he would climb up upon the engine, for he always went as engineer, and start the train, and so give them a journey.

Benny became very much interested in describing all the details of this imaginary railroad line, and while he went on specifying them was continually thinking of new things to put into his story, — so much so that in the end he made his story too long. The children, who seemed quite interested at first, began to grow tired at last; and finally they had to stop him, and tell him that his story was long enough, just as he was beginning to extend it to a new idea which suddenly came into his mind, namely, of the boy's having a real steamboat on a pond upon his father's grounds, to connect with the railroad train.

Thus the fault that Benny manifested was just the opposite of Jane's. She did

not know how to begin, it seems, and he did not know how to stop.

Mary Gay, when she found how easy it was to make up stories in this way, used to do it very often. Her uncle Edward suggested to her several new ideas in respect to the subjects of her stories, which assisted her very much.

He told her one day that one kind of story by which she might amuse young children very much, would be accounts of the doings of remarkable animals.

"For instance," said he, "you can imagine that a boy had a dog that could understand all that was said to him, and had as much sense as a child, and you can have the boy send him of errands and such things, and make the dog act in a very wonderful manner. You could even suppose that he had some clothes and could dress and undress himself, and walk on his hind legs, and look like a boy.

"If it is a girl that you are amusing, you might let the story be about a girl and a kitten, instead of a boy and a dog."

Mary did in fact make up a number of stories at various times on this principle,

and the children were very much amused with them.

She also learned to make up fairy stories in great variety, some of which were so interesting that the children liked to hear them over and over again. One of the best of these, or at least one that the children liked to hear the best, was about a fairy named Grandilette, who had a flying pavilion, in which she used to take little parties of children and sail about in the air. The pavilion was about as large as a small room. It had a canopy of silk overhead, and two opposite sides were entirely open, so that the persons who were sailing in it could look over the balustrade down on the earth below, and see the towns and rivers and woods and fields far below them, and roads with people travelling along them no bigger than mice.

At one of the other sides of the pavilion, which was not open, was a sofa, with a bookcase above it containing a great number of very entertaining books, all full of pictures. And opposite to it, at the other end, was a kind of closet, with everything in it that was good to eat.

The children were never tired of hearing stories of excursions made in the air in Grandilette's pavilion.

If any of the older children who read this book will try the plan of making up stories to amuse those who are younger than themselves, they will find it by no means so difficult as at first it might seem. You may have some little difficulty at first, but after making up two or three stories, it will become more and more easy, and before long you will take a great deal of pleasure in it.

You will take a great deal of pleasure too in teaching other children, younger than yourselves, to make up and relate such stories. This is a very good play, when at a party, or at any other time you become tired of active plays, and wish to have a still play for a little while. It is very useful too, as the inventing and the relating of a story cultivates the intelligence of the children, and increases their knowledge of language, and improves them in respect to the power of expressing their ideas with ease, correctness, and propriety.

There is a great satisfaction in being able thus to be useful to those who are younger than you are, and in assisting them to develop their mental powers. I hope the readers of these books will have discovered a great many ways of doing this, from what they have here learned about John and Mary Gay.

THE END.









